# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. X.—No. 496.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

### "THE HALT."

This picture, from a painting by Thomas Nast, has lately been on exhibition in Chicago, and the Chicago *Tribune* thus speaks of it:

"A pleasant farm-house, shaded with vines; a tired soldier, leaning upon his gun, taking a cup of water from the farmer's wife—the children looking on in youthful wonder; you can not see their faces, but you know how they look. A little farther on a soldier sitting down tantalizing a dog; a splendid distance and back-ground, with a baggage-wagon and soldiers, beautifully-drawn foliage, and delicious bits of sky. Such is Thomas Nast's 'Soldier's Halt'—hard, perhaps, in coloring, and filled with idiosyncrasies, and yet bearing the impress of great talent. Better or more conscientiously elaborated foliage you will rarely see, and the same as to sky and atmosphere. Nast is well known to all art lovers. He is known to every body as the delineator of the splendid cartoons in *Harper's Weekly*."

### LEWIS CASS.

The Hon. Lewis Cass died at Detroit, Michigan, on the morning of June 17.

Before the late war Cass was held by our people to occupy a very large place in our history—he was looked upon, in some sort, as a monumental figure. Just that place he can never hold again in the popular estimate, simply because the war of the rebellion has, like a vast cataclysm, swept away many former political and military idols from their lofty pedestals.

The New York *Tribune* thus briefly epitomizes the life of General Cass:

Lewis Cass was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, the 9th day of October, 1782. His father bore a commission in the Revolutionary army, and took part in the battles of Bunker's Hill, Trenton, Princeton, Germantown, etc. The young Lewis was educated at Exeter, and studied law at Marietta. He was admitted to the Bar in 1802, and practiced with success during several years. In 1806 he was elected to the Ohio Legislature. Being placed on the committee instituted to inquire into the movements of Colonel Burr, his hand drafted the law which enabled the local authorities to arrest the men and boats engaged in that enterprise on their passage down the Ohio. He also drew up the address to Mr. Jefferson, embodying the views of the Ohio Legislature on the subject. In 1807 Mr. Cass was appointed Marshal of the State, a post which he filled until 1813. In the war of 1812 he volunteered to join the forces at Dayton under General Hull, and was named Colonel of the Third Ohio Volunteers. Colonel Cass commanded the advanced-guard when the army crossed from Detroit into Canada, and drew up the proclamation addressed by the General to the inhabitants of that country on their arrival in it, and commanded also the detachment which dislodged the British forces posted at the bridge over the Canards.

THE LATE LEWIS CASS.

Shortly afterward Colonel Cass was included in the capitulation which ensued on the signal defeat of the American army, and, after making his report at Washington, was appointed to the Twenty-seventh Regiment of Infantry, and, after a short interval, promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General

He took part in the pursuit of General Proctor, and in the triumph at the Moravian towns. At the close of the campaign he was left in command of Michigan, with his head-quarters at Detroit, a command he exchanged for the post of Civil Governor over the same State in October, 1813.

In 1814 he was associated with General Harrison in a commission to treat with the Indians, who had been hostile to the United States during the war. In 1819 he established himself permanently with his family in Michigan. From the year 1819 to 1828 General Cass was the main instrument in the various treaties concluded during these years between the United States and the different Indian tribes located along its entire frontier. In 1828 he was made President of an historical society established in Michigan, and in the following year delivered an inaugural address embodying the early history of the State, and bringing it down to the period when it became a part of the Union.

In 1830 he received the degree of LL.D. from Hamilton College, New York. In 1831 he was made Secretary of War by the then President, General Jackson. It was during his tenure of this office that the war of the Seminole Indians broke out, a calamity which by some has been attributed to his want of judgment. In 1836 the same President appointed him Minister of the United States to France, where he published a book entitled "France, its King, Court, and Government," in which Louis Philippe and his supporters are somewhat lavishly praised.

In 1842, President Tyler having been placed in power by the death of General Harrison, General Cass was, at his own request, recalled. From his return to America many acts of his life are felt to be perplexing, not to say irreconcilable. He now declared himself in favor of a high protective tariff, a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, and of the constitutionality of a bank of the United States.

These views brought him in close alliance with Governor Porter, of Pennsylvania, and that portion of the Locofoco party who had a leaning

"THE HALT"—A SCENE IN THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.—[From a Painting by Thomas Nast.]

to those measures. He was afterward elected to the Senate of the United States, in which he has always held a prominent position. Being now in a position of influence he commenced bidding for the Presidency.

Accordingly, a public meeting in Kentucky was got up in 1843, when he was recommended as a candidate for the Presidency. He next espoused the annexation of Texas and the war with Mexico, for additional territory in order to promote the extension and propagation of slavery.

But in these, as in some former measures, he soon became perplexed. WILMOT of Pennsylvania introduced his celebrated proviso against the extension of slavery in a free Territory. This was a Democratic measure, popular in the Free States and odious in the South. The course pursued by CASS was to make a speech for the proviso and to vote against it.

Then came the repeal of the protective tariff of 1842, which he had approved and recommended. This also was a Democratic measure: he dealt with it after the same fashion. He made a speech in favor of the tariff and voted to repeal it.

Nevertheless, in spite of this drawback, the General was able to contest the nomination to the Presidency of the United States in 1848, and, though defeated, to secure the electoral votes of half the States of the Union. During the Presidentship of General PIERCE he was a forward speaker on all great questions, and his appointment by Mr. BUCHANAN to the post of Secretary of State caused great uneasiness in England, in consequence of his aggressive tendencies and his hostility to that Power during the attempts to settle the Oregon dispute. But, as in the case of Mr. BUCHANAN, no antecedent expression of opinion was allowed to overrule public utility after his accession to power; and although uncomfortable reports respecting General CASS's bias against England got abroad during the San Juan difficulty, tranquillity was not disturbed.

General CASS has published, during his long career, several works of ability, among which we may mention "Inquiries respecting the History, Traditions, Language, etc., of the Indians living within the United States, Detroit," etc.; "Historical and Scientific Sketches of Michigan," etc. The General was a total-abstinence man, having never, it is said, tasted spirituous liquors in his life.

CASS was the father of Michigan, and might with a great degree of justice be called the patriarch of our Western territory. He made three-fourths of the treaties by which the land was acquired from the Indians. He defeated the English pretensions to a right of search of all vessels upon the high seas, and thus averted a war with England that seemed inevitable. He wrote the letter on which the compromise measures of 1850 were based. He is justly regarded as the father of the great doctrine of "squatter sovereignty" in the Territories. In the political history of this country, therefore, he has played a very prominent part. He was a man of shrewd common sense and great capacity for labor. He was genial to friends and affable to all. In his private life he was an exemplar of temperance and morality.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1866.


## A DISHONORABLE PROPOSITION.

WE are fast depriving ourselves of the right of censuring the insincerity of British neutrality. We are imitating the conduct of General ROUSSEAU who, on Monday, disdained to become a rival blackguard with Mr. GRINNELL, and was approved by all honorable men, but on Thursday broke his cane over Mr. GRINNELL's head and became no better than he. So the dominant British public opinion supported with the most strenuous sympathy the late rebellion designed to destroy this Government and perpetuate slavery. It wished well to every escaping privateer, and justified the British Government in relaxing its law of neutrality. We are doing virtually the same thing, and busily earning the contempt which such conduct merits.

Thus in Congress Mr. ANCONA, of Pennsylvania, introduces a resolution to repeal the neutrality laws of 1818, because they authorize the Government of the United States to prevent a mad and bloody raid upon the peaceful homes of Canada. And Congress, instead of branding the proposition as utterly base and unworthy an honorable nation, refers it to the Committee upon Foreign Affairs by a vote of 91 to 34, while the motion of Mr. HALE to lay it immediately upon the table, since he could not move to kick it under the table, was lost by a vote of 113 to 8. This is an act more disgraceful than any action taken by the British Parliament upon any similar proposition during our war. Whether the controlling consideration with Congress were the desire of treating England as she treated us, or of propitiating the Irish vote, the act was equally contemptible. If Congress wishes to fight Great Britain, let it offer a manly and honorable defiance, and not connive, in the spirit of a sneak-thief, with an attempt to transfer the horrors of the July riots of 1863 to Canada.

While this was the lamentable conduct of Congress a notorious offender against the neutrality laws was brought up for examination before Commissioner BETTS, in New York. At the opening of the examination the lawyer of the accused openly denounces the person who has given the information upon which the complaint was founded, and in the most violent manner "advertises" him to the excited Irish crowd present. The intention was plain. It was to intimidate other people by fear of personal assault from making similar complaints, and to frighten the witnesses from testifying. The Commissioner tolerated this intimidation, and the result was inevitable. Many of the witnesses *were* frightened and refused to give evidence. Others after testifying were chased through the streets, and the crowd, stimulated by the harangues of the lawyer and the silence of the Commissioner, went in a body to the residence of the informer, with what feelings and purpose may be imagined. The District-Attorney, therefore, abandoned the case in the Commissioner's court, upon the ground that neither the lives nor property of those whose evidence was essential could be considered safe if they appeared to testify. The District-Attorney, Mr. COURTNAY, in a speech of admirable temper, added that, although it was necessary to withdraw the case from the Commissioner's court, it would not be altogether abandoned, but would be prosecuted before the Grand Jury.

These are things that make every honorable American wince. They turn upon ourselves all the burning reproaches that we hurled upon England during the war. But the consolation is, that the Executive department of the Government has not hesitated to maintain our most ancient and noble traditions. Our friends in other countries, of whose sympathy we were so proud in this country during the war, may be very sure that neither the action of Congress in this matter, nor the conduct of the Commissioner and the Fenian counsel, nor the tone of the New York *Tribune*, represent the feeling of the great body of American citizens, who do not mean that British neutrality shall be a model for ours, nor that our neutrality laws shall be repealed because they happen to be coincident with the interests of social order and humanity.

## THE COMING WAR IN EUROPE.

AUSTRIA declines the Conference. France and Prussia wish for territorial aggrandizement; Italy wishes to recover Venetia; England wishes for peace at any price; and they all invited Austria to come to a Congress. There could be but one result. Somebody's territory would be abridged. The somebody could be nobody but Austria: so the fly has declined the seductive invitation of the spider to walk into his pretty parlor and be sucked to death. He prefers to strike a blow or two for his life, and take the chances.

The chances, of course, are incalculable. The new popular powers that may be developed, the duration of the war, and its results—these are all hidden. It has been a favorite theory that science, which has revealed such new and fearfully destructive forces, has virtually shortened wars. But our late experience does not sustain the theory. For science works both for attack and defense. If it invents missiles which will tear stone-walled forts to pieces, it also discovers that earth-works are more serviceable in fortification. If it turns out a ball that will sink a ship in a minute, it simultaneously plates vessels with impenetrable armor. It is rather the enormous waste of life and the vast expense which are occasioned by the improvements of science that will tend to shorten wars.

The only truly legitimate cause of war which is apparent in the European complication is the forcible occupation of Northern Italy by Austria. There is not, nor has there ever been since the settlement of 1815, any sincere acquiescence of the Italian people in that occupation. Plots, conspiracies, and revolutions have been incessant, and the country will be continually agitated until Italy is possessed by the Italians. They may quarrel among themselves afterward, and the practical political unity of Italy may be deferred; but now the enthusiasm and resolution of the people are aroused. Italy is the war cry. There are reactionaries and Copperheads, indeed, but they are powerless. It seems as if the strongest blow for her freedom that Italy has ever struck were now to be delivered.

The quarrel between Prussia and Austria is really one of ambition. Prussia makes some pretense of infidelity upon the part of Austria to the treaty adjusting the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty; but that is not a matter for which she would go to war, while to extend herself along the sea-coast would be worth a struggle. France, of course, wishes the Rhine as a frontier; and it is not impossible that Austria believes herself the real military superior of Prussia, and hopes to recover Silesia, a province which FREDERICK THE GREAT captured from MARIA THERESA a century ago.

And to achieve these doubtful results—results which, except in the case of Italy, can not fairly be said to justify the dreadful last resort of nations—what desolation and bloodshed and sorrow are about to befall Europe! Already Austria has imposed a loan of 12,000,000 of florins upon Venetia, and is taking Italians forcibly from their homes by night to serve in Austrian armies against Italy. She has suspended the laws of personal liberty and established military courts for the trial of civilians; and has authorized General BENEDEK to proclaim martial law in certain contingencies. Austria has an army of 800,000. Prussia has about the same number, the largest army she ever assembled, including 321 squadrons of cavalry and 1086 field-pieces. The Bavarians are increasing their force. Baden has ordered the whole of her army upon a war footing. The army of Switzerland amounts to 200,000. There will probably be nearly 3,000,000 of men arrayed within a short time, including the French army, a large portion of whom must be engaged when actual hostilities commence.

Where the first blow will be struck can not be foreseen. But when it falls a sad and tragical chapter of history will open. The immediate effect upon us we have already seen in the upward leap of gold. But the next effect will be renewed confidence in a popular system which has successfully endured the awful strain of war, and a vast increase of immigration to our shores. Our sympathies can not fail to be with Italy against Austria, even if they are with Austria against Prussia; while we can only hope that, if war must come, it may not be as prolonged and terrible as seems almost inevitable.

## WHAT HONOR DEMANDS.

THE New York *Times* justifies the assault of General ROUSSEAU upon Mr. GRINNELL in terms which would equally excuse the attack of PRESTON BROOKS upon Senator SUMNER. It says: "But neither will those who are possessed of a knowledge of human nature or those who are possessed of human nature itself, be able to see other than one of its genuine impulses finding expression through that chastising cane." Translated into English this means simply, "Served him right." General ROUSSEAU conceived himself to be insulted and so assaulted the offender. "Certainly," says the *Times*, "why not?"

That Mr. GRINNELL's abuse of General ROUSSEAU was gross and scandalous, and that the members of the House were signally at fault in permitting such foul talk upon the floor, is true. It is no less true that General ROUSSEAU had previously grossly insulted Mr. GRINNELL, according to that gentleman's statement, by speaking of him as a little demagogue from Iowa, named GRINNELL. But such a remark should have been treated by Mr. GRINNELL with the silence it deserved, and if he retorted at all it should have been where he was not protected by privilege. If Mr. GRINNELL did retort, General ROUSSEAU should at least have reflected that he had begun the quarrel. But in any case his own conduct was utterly unpardonable. He had insulted Mr. GRINNELL, and Mr. GRINNELL had retorted; so far they were quits. Besides, if the House does not reprove a member for what he says in debate, certainly no other member has the right of calling him to account elsewhere.

The high-cockalorum view of personal honor is, that it is the most fragile and sensitive thing in nature. It is supposed to be at the mercy of every blackguard and bully. If a fellow flies out of temper, or has deep designs, and calls a gentleman a liar, the gentleman, in this view, must have a personal squabble, or he must give the fellow a chance to murder him. Now the truth is, that a gentleman can not be put upon the level of a blackguard or a bully. True honor is as pure and impervious as marble, and the sneers and insults and furies of angry people can no more affect it than sprinkled water can harm a statue.

And this is no sublimated view. It is the dictate of good sense. It is the instinct of our times and our civilization. There was no man in the country, whose opinion was respectable, who did not feel in reading of General ROUSSEAU's conduct on Monday, when he was attacked by Mr. GRINNELL, that it was the conduct of a true gentleman. It was brave and honorable. Even the *Times* confesses that General ROUSSEAU would not have suffered in the estimation of the country if he had let the affair rest as it ended on Monday. In other words, "human nature" does *not* require that a gentleman shall feel his honorable reputation injured by the vituperation of a passionate opponent.

## GOLD, AND THE PROSPECT.

GOLD has once more been nearly 170. The bullion in the banks, as reported on Monday 18th, is reduced to $11,000,000—and, as the average was a declining one, the actual sum held on Monday was probably not over $8,000,000. The Sub-Treasury is understood to hold $44,000,000; but of this $12,000,000 is represented by gold certificates, leaving only $32,000,000 available for sale or for the payment of interest on the public debt. Under these circumstances a general alarm has overtaken the commercial community, and though bankers say that gold is much too high, it is not impossible but that, under the influence of panic, it may go still higher, and, of course, carry up with it the cost of every article consumed by the poor.

We do not see that any thing is to be gained by further comment on the shocking imbecility displayed by the Treasury officials in throwing away their bullion reserve on May 22, or on the very weak letters written by Secretary M'CULLOCH and Assistant-Treasurer VAN DYCK in their attempted vindication of that great mistake. The past is gone; the question now is—what is to be done for the future? Are we to have gold 200 again? Is the currency, which stood bravely through the war, to collapse eighteen months after the restoration of peace? Is the Government aware that it is in the power of a few individuals in Wall Street, controlling twenty or thirty millions of dollars, to put gold to 250, and hold it there? If it is not, the sooner it understands the facts the better.

Owing to the superabundance of paper-money the importations of foreign goods have been excessive. For the fiscal year, which ends with this month, they will foot up at this port alone $200,000,000 against $160,000,000 during the fiscal year 1864-5. To pay for these goods we are shipping gold at a rate which has left our New York banks with only $8,000,000 on hand. Had Congress adopted frankly and resolutely the policy of contraction urged by the Secretary of the Treasury in his Annual Report importations would have fallen off, but little coin would have been required for export, and gold would not have been worth over 130 at the present time. Instead of pursuing this course Congress, under the lead of Senator JOHN SHERMAN and Representatives STEVENS of Pennsylvania, and BOUTWELL of Massachusetts, steadily set its face against contraction, absolutely forbade the Secretary from curtailing the currency, thus stimulating heavy importations from Europe and general extravagance throughout the country, and placed the public finances in such a position that—the heavy specie reserve in the Treasury lost by a blunder of the Department—the price of gold, and consequently the price of all articles consumed by the people, is at the mercy of the speculators of Wall Street.

Congress is still in session. Members can now see the result of their work. By their action they have added from 20 to 30 per cent. to the cost of living throughout the country. For laying this additional burden upon the backs of taxpayers they will have to answer to their constituents. Would it not be worth while to see if the error can not be remedied before the adjournment?

Members can not too clearly understand that the one thing needful for this country now is to reduce the volume of irredeemable paper-money until business is contracted, and paper becomes so scarce as to be worth no more than gold. This is the simplest of all the financial schemes afloat, and it is also the only scheme which is worth trying. It is opposed only by those who have other interests at heart than those of the country at large. This or that member of Congress or Senator declares solemnly that the currency is not redundant. What he really means is that contraction might injure this or that mill or manufacturing establishment in which he or his friends are interested. We have considerably more paper-money afloat now than we had when gold was 280. If we can not begin to curtail it now, when the public revenue is expected to exceed the expenditure by two hundred millions of dollars, when, pray, can the attempt be made?

## A WORD WITH WOMEN.

MR. RUSKIN says in his last little book, which has the great merit of exciting the wrath of the *Saturday Review*: "The real final reason for all the poverty, misery, and rage of battle throughout Europe is simply that you women, however good, however religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your own immediate circles ......If the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasants' houses and ravaging peasants' fields, merely broke the china upon your own drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week......Let every lady in the upper classes of civilized Europe simply vow that while any cruel war proceeds she will wear *black*—a mute's black—with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for, nor evasion into prettiness. I tell you again no war would last a week." The *Saturday Review* thereupon exclaims, "If this is a mystical riddle we give it up."

It is very far from a mystical riddle. It is simply a recognition of the radical influence of woman upon the course of affairs; and this is one of the most striking facts of modern history. The sympathy of women is now the moral basis of all great popular action; and our own recent experience is full of illustrations of it. It was the devotion, the patience, the conscience of the mothers and wives and sisters which sustained the great loyal movement of the North, as it was the same enthusiastic ardor which supported the spirit of rebellion. At this moment if the women of Italy should frown upon the men who are rushing to arms and shouting the new national song of deliverance—if by word and deed they should chill and oppose the warlike spirit which inspires the peninsula—if mother and wife and sister, with tears and passionate entreaty, should dissuade husband and son and lover from the field, and every woman sit clad in mourning, silent and cold in her home—then if Italy raised a hand the victory of Austria would be easy. During our war the consciousness of every soldier in the field that every loyal woman in the land was directly working for him in the Sanitary or Christian Commissions was a moral tonic, the power of which is incalculable. That absolute unity was the cardinal condition of victory.

This is an influence which is equally forcible in other directions. It is as effective in the drawing-room as in the field; and if the women

of whom RUSKIN speaks would in this country as zealously discountenance a cruel fashion as he declares they could successfully oppose a cruel war, they would not be the less public benefactors. For any fashion is cruel which compels vast expense. Any fashion is cruel which encourages extravagance. Any fashion is cruel which debases society, and every thing which gives money the reward of merit is degrading.

The wife of Prince METTERNICH, the Austrian embassador in Paris, now dictates the fashion. The Empress is obsolete. If *l'ambassadrice* should wear cowhide boots, cowhide boots would be *de rigueur* in the choicest circles. If she should drape her pretty person in cloth of gold and throw hoops out of the window, the streets of all the great cities in the world would become impassable, and the drawing-rooms every where would glitter with splendor. What a power this lady has! For if she wore a plain straw hat and a plain dress, simplicity and economy would be the fashion. But, after all, what is her right divine? If she chooses to wear a net of old Venetian sequins on her head, why should the sylphs of Saratoga take to thatching themselves with gold dollars? If she chooses to draggle a satin train along a gravel walk, why should the dames of Newport wipe the sea beach with silk? Why does not each dainty American dame show her equality with *l'Autrichienne* by following her own sweet will and regulating it by the eternal fitness of things? To be fashionable is not necessarily to be womanly and ladylike. What if those who can effect it should resolve that only what is womanly and ladylike shall be fashionable?

## FORT MONROE AND ANDERSONVILLE.

JEFFERSON DAVIS is charged by the Government of the United States with complicity in the assassination of President LINCOLN, and the Government can not decently parole him until it has withdrawn that charge. Should it be withdrawn he would remain a prisoner under indictment for treason, which is also a capital crime. So long, however, as he is imprisoned upon whatever charge humanity requires that he be well treated, and that there shall be no delay in his trial. There has, however, been a foolish attempt to excite sympathy for him and odium against the Government by depicting him as a martyr, a Bastile sufferer, a dignified and pathetic victim of a haughty and cruel Despotism. Yet there is no other prisoner in this or in any country charged with a capital crime who is so comfortably lodged and honorably treated as JEFFERSON DAVIS. He has a casemate properly furnished. He has a daily bill of fare such as no other prisoner in the world enjoys, and which would amply satisfy any honest man. He has the range of the ramparts upon which to breathe the ocean air, and he has books, newspapers, wife, and friends around him. He has, or had, a physician also, who apparently sat at his feet to catch the drops of wisdom that fell from his mouth; a physician who has prepared a book about the prisoner whom he calls "ex-President" and "distinguished captive."

Let us not forget that this man, for whose comfort sentries must tread softly, for whose delicate stomach the bill of fare must be daily changed, for whose gratification the recreations we have named are provided, is the same man who could see from his house in Richmond the island upon which Union prisoners were slowly starved and frozen, and who knew that thousands of his fellow-men imprisoned at Andersonville were pitilessly tortured into idiocy and death. Not the least pang of their horrible bodily suffering would we have retorted upon JEFFERSON DAVIS; not one touch of retaliation should the American people allow to be visited upon him. But when they are asked to believe that he is tortured by the authority of their Government, it is wise for them to perceive the difference between the treatment he receives from the Government which he sought to destroy and that which he countenanced in the case of those who strove to defend it. Nor will those people forget that the same papers which furiously denounce the pretended cruelty of the Government toward him were silent over the awful tragedies of Andersonville and Belle Isle, or flatly denied them.

## MOSES F. ODELL.

THE name of MOSES F. ODELL, who died a few days since at his home in Brooklyn, after a long and painful illness, has been of late very conspicuous as that of a most faithful and efficient public officer, and as a leader among those Democrats whom the most stringent partisan sympathy could not seduce from the plain path of patriotism. Although he had always been a Democrat and an active party man, President of the Empire Club, Assistant-Collector of Customs under Democratic ascendency, and Democratic Representative in Congress, he devoted himself ardently at the outbreak of the rebellion to the support of the Government; served with the utmost diligence upon the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War; effectively aided the raising of troops, and was a constant, helpful, and sympathetic visitor in the camp and hospital. Strongly attached to his party name and traditions, he did not hesitate to follow his convictions, and sign the report that virtually censured M'Clellan; and he voted for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and for the Emancipation Amendment. Had he been still in Congress we believe that he would have declined to yield to the ignoble party policy of opposing every humane and just measure intended to secure equal rights, and would have voted for the Constitutional Amendment recently adopted.

His official career, like his private life, was spotless. Energetic and sagacious, he clearly comprehended his duty and promptly did it. It is stated, we believe without contradiction, that President LINCOLN, who saw and justly valued his worth and efficiency, offered to Mr. ODELL the office of Collector of New York. But Mr. ODELL suggested that PRESTON KING would be a more suitable officer; and Mr. KING was subsequently appointed, while Mr. ODELL was made Naval Officer. For many weeks he had been necessarily absent from his post, suffering acutely from a disease which he knew to be mortal. But in illness as in health his warm religious feeling kept his soul serene. For many years he had been a devoted member of the Methodist Church, and especially interested in the Sunday-school. At the annual summer festival he was always present, directing and cheering; and thoughtful of the children to the last, he asked to be carried to the window when they marched by at their late celebration, that he might see the blithe parade and show his young friends that his heart was with them in death as in life; while but an hour or two before he died he sent for some of his old Sunday-school scholars to sing to him the hymns he loved, and so peacefully sank to rest.

Mr. ODELL will be long and kindly remembered even by many who did not personally know him, but who had learned to honor his patriotic fidelity.

## EXERCISE *VERSUS* DEFORMITY.

A CROOKED back is a very common thing in ladies, as every dress-maker knows; but a tailor seldom finds this deformity in gentlemen. On this point Dr. WARREN of Boston says: "Of the well-educated females within the sphere of my experience about one-half are affected with some degree of distortion of the spine." A very judicious French writer goes even farther than this, and says: "It is so common that out of twenty girls who have attained the age of fifteen years there are not two who do not present very manifest traces of it."

Whatever discrepancies there may be between the estimates of different observers, all agree that the deformity is very common, especially in females that are delicately brought up. Why is it so? Is it a necessity under the circumstances, or can it be avoided? In accounting for it much has often been said about posture in study, and pictures are introduced into some books on physiology for schools to show what are bad postures and what are good ones. It is commonly enjoined upon girls that they should sit bolt upright in order to keep the spine in a straight position, and thus prevent its becoming crooked. Though posture has much to do with producing deformity, as you will soon see, this teaching is radically wrong. This sitting steadily in one position, however straight, is directly calculated to make the spine crooked; while variety in posture, allowing the spine to be sometimes straight and at others bent this way and that, tends decidedly to prevent deformity. If it were not so we should more often find a crooked-backed boy than we now do, for boys are generally allowed this variety of posture, while girls are expected to sit up in what is deemed a very proper attitude, which is certainly a very stiff and uncomfortable one, especially if the back be permitted to have no support.

Let us look at the *rationale* of the matter. What is it that keeps the spine straight? Or, rather, what is it that enables it to assume a straight position at any time in the midst of all its bendings in one direction and another? Observe how it is built. Here is a column of twenty-four bones, with elastic cartilages between them. It is the compressibility of these cartilages that allows the spine to be bent and twisted this way and that, and it is their elasticity that enables it to assume the straight position. We have then in this column or chain of bones twenty-four joints, in each of which nature intends there shall be some motion; and nothing can be farther from her intention than to keep this column as straight and unbending as a stick. For the very purpose of bending and twisting it in its joints there is a very complicated arrangement of muscles the whole length of the back. And whenever the spine is straight it is made so by an exact balancing of action between the two sets of muscles on either side of it. The disposition, as we may say, of these muscles is to hold the spine perfectly straight in the middle line between the two halves of the body, and they do so uniformly, except when called upon to do otherwise in the various motions to which we subject it.

This disposition of these muscles is always carried out when they have their natural strength and fair play. But very commonly in the school-girl they have neither. She has not the free exercise which is necessary to give vigor to the muscular system, and weakened muscles never act regularly, and so can not maintain that balance of action needed to prevent deformity in what they hold or move. In the enfeebled girl, therefore, the muscles of the back fail to hold the spinal column firmly. At the same time the other parts of the apparatus, the cartilages and ligaments, partaking of the general feebleness, lose their usual degree of elasticity, and so fail in helping to straighten the column after its bendings. The stretched ligaments do not contract as well as usual, and the compressed cartilages remain somewhat compressed. What is the result? The column becomes deformed, and of course in directions governed by the predominant positions assumed.

But this result does not come alone from the general debility occasioned by a deficiency of exercise in the body at large. There is a local deficiency over and above this general one. The muscles of the back are less exercised than the other muscles of the body. There is a special restraint put upon them in two ways. First, custom does it. It is not considered proper for the girl to bend and twist the spine with the freedom that nature designs, and which is allowed to the boy. When she sits she must always have the erect posture, and when she moves it must be in such a way that no one could suspect that there are any joints in the spine, and it might be reasonably concluded that she has a single long back-bone, in place of the twenty-four bones with which the boys are endowed. The mode of dress also helps to secure this inaction of the muscles of the back, and the consequent stiffness of motion. As well might we put splints and ligatures on the limbs as on the trunk of the body; the result would be the same—restraint on natural motion, and consequent disease.

One thing more. The exercise which the muscles of the girl get is not only insufficient, but it is wrong in character. It is too much one thing. They are obliged to hold the spine in one position, and therefore get wearied out, just as in the old-fashioned punishment of holding a book out at arm's-length the muscles of the arm are wearied out. And many a back-ache has come from this cause, nerves being permanently injured as well as the other parts of the apparatus by this unnatural management.

We say, then, to mothers and teachers, let that beautiful and complicated apparatus for motion, the spinal column, have all the motion that the maker of it designed in girls as well as in boys. Free it from all shackles, and let it have fair play. Let it bend itself and twist itself, and it will have a straightness that no splints or supports can give it. It was made to keep itself straight, and it will do so if you will let it.

## LITERARY.

"Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border," by Colonel R. B. MARCY, just published by the HARPERS, is a truly valuable contribution to our knowledge of the remote West and of the Indians of the plains. Indeed, we know of no other work which so fully satisfies curiosity in regard to a race which is fast perishing; and the simple style of Colonel MARCY is admirably suited to record the results of his extensive observation. The story of his winter expedition over the Rocky Mountains is one of the most exciting chapters of Western adventure; and he does not forget the natural interest of the reader in the quaint characters and picturesque or illustrative incidents of the region. Colonel MARCY'S book will be of permanent value, and the public will be grateful to those who have persuaded him that he should not allow the rich results of his long and laborious and honorable experience to remain unrecorded.

"Lectures on the Study of History," by GOLDWIN SMITH. This is another most timely and remarkable work, also from the HARPERS. GOLDWIN SMITH is known as one of the clearest thinkers, admirable scholars, and racy, sinewy writers in England. This volume contains the lectures delivered by him upon opening his course as Regius Professor of History at Oxford, and his pleasant and instructive paper upon the University itself is added. This is not the place to enter upon any discussion of the principles which are asserted and illustrated by Professor SMITH. They will be variously estimated by scholars and cultivated readers, but none will deny the power and brilliancy with which the Professor's opinions are presented. They are the results of profound familiarity with history, and of shrewd insight and reflection; and the work is that of a master, not of a tyro. Professor SMITH disputes the philosophy of history as maintained by COMTE and BUCKLE, and we do not recall a more cogent and vigorous analysis of their theory than these lectures contain. The work, which is very brief, is indispensable to every one who would understand this most interesting discussion; while the manly, sincere, and delightful style, with the essential attraction of the subject, will not fail to charm the general reader. The lecture upon the American colonies is especially interesting to us, not only from its topic, but from its revelation of the lofty cosmopolitan sympathy which makes GOLDWIN SMITH much more than an Englishman, and which invites every generous mind to strive with him for the "federation of the world."

## THE COMING IN OF THE "MERMAIDEN."

THE moon is bleached as white as wool,
  And just dropping under;
Every star is gone but three,
  And they hang wide asunder—
There's a sea-ghost all in gray,
  A tall shape of wonder!

I am not satisfied with sleep,
  The night is not ended;
But look how the sea-ghost comes
  With wan skirts extended,
Stealing up in this weird hour
  When dusk and dawn are blended!

A vessel! To the old pier-end
  Her happy course she's keeping;
I heard them name her yesterday—
  Some were pale with weeping,
Some with their heart-hunger sighed:
  She's in, and they are sleeping.

Oh now with fancied greetings blest,
  They comfort their long aching;
The sea of sleep hath borne to them
  What would not come with waking,
But the dreams shall most be true
  In their blissful breaking.

The stars are gone, the rose bloom comes,
  No blush of maid is sweeter;
The red sun half-way out of bed
  Shall be the first to greet her:
None tell the news, yet sleepers wake,
  And rise, and run to meet her.

Their lost they have, they hold; from pain
  A keener bliss they borrow.
How natural is joy, my heart!
  How easy after sorrow!
For once, the best is come, that hope
  Promised them "to-morrow."

JEAN INGELOW.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

*June 12:*

In the Senate, the amendment placing $160,000 at the disposal of the Secretary of the Treasury to increase at his discretion, under certain limitation, the salaries of the clerks in his Department, was agreed to by a vote of 18 to 17.

*June 13:*

In the House, the Senate amendments to the joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States were adopted by a vote of 120 to 32. Mr. Stevens closed the debate. He concluded thus: He could not look upon the Senate amendment as an improvement. In his judgment it endangered the Government of the country, both State and National, and might give the next Congress and President to the reconstructed rebels. With their enlarged basis of representation, and the exclusion of loyal men of color from the ballot-box, he saw no hope of safety unless in the prescription of proper enabling acts which should do justice to the freedmen and enjoin enfranchisement as a condition precedent. While he saw much good in the proposition he did not pretend to be satisfied with it. But still he was anxious for its speedy adoption, for he deprecated delay. Let us, he said in conclusion, no longer delay. Let us take what we can get now, and hope for better things in further legislation, in enabling acts or other provisions.

*June 14:*

In the Senate, the bill to define the number and regulate the appointment of the officers in the Navy was passed, 18 to 11. It provides that the officers of the Navy shall consist of one Admiral, one Vice-Admiral, ten Rear-Admirals, twenty-five Commodores, fifty Captains, ninety Commanders, one hundred and eighty Lieutenant-Commanders, one hundred and sixty Masters, one hundred and sixty Ensigns, and in other grades the number now allowed by law. The pay of the Admiral shall be $10,000 per annum.

*June 15:*

In the Senate, a veto message was received from the President, containing his objections to the bill enabling the New York and Montana Mining Company to purchase certain public lands.

In the House, a resolution was adopted appointing a Committee to investigate the late case of assault committed on Mr. Grinnell, of Iowa, by Mr. Rousseau, of Kentucky. The Senate bill to regulate the appointment of Paymasters in the Navy was passed.—The joint resolution to provide for expenses of the Paris exposition was passed, 21 to 13.

### NEWS ITEMS.

The number of deaths in this city last week was 363, being a decrease of 30 from the number of the previous week, and 13 less than in the corresponding week of 1865.

Professor Agassiz is delivering a course of lectures before the Imperial family and the Brazilian magnates respecting his discoveries in his recent tour up the valley of the Amazon. He won very high commendation from his royal auditors on his opening lecture, May 7.

Nebraska City papers of the 11th instant claim that the State organization has been carried, and the Union State ticket and a working Union majority in both branches of the Legislature elected. This result was scarcely expected, as so many self-expatriated rebels went to Nebraska during the war that it was feared the Territory was hopelessly in their hands. Nebraska has a population of 45,000—an increase of 17,000 since 1860.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### THE IMPENDING WAR.

THE Conference at Paris has been abandoned. Austria would only be one of the members on condition that none of the Powers represented would be allowed any extension of territory.

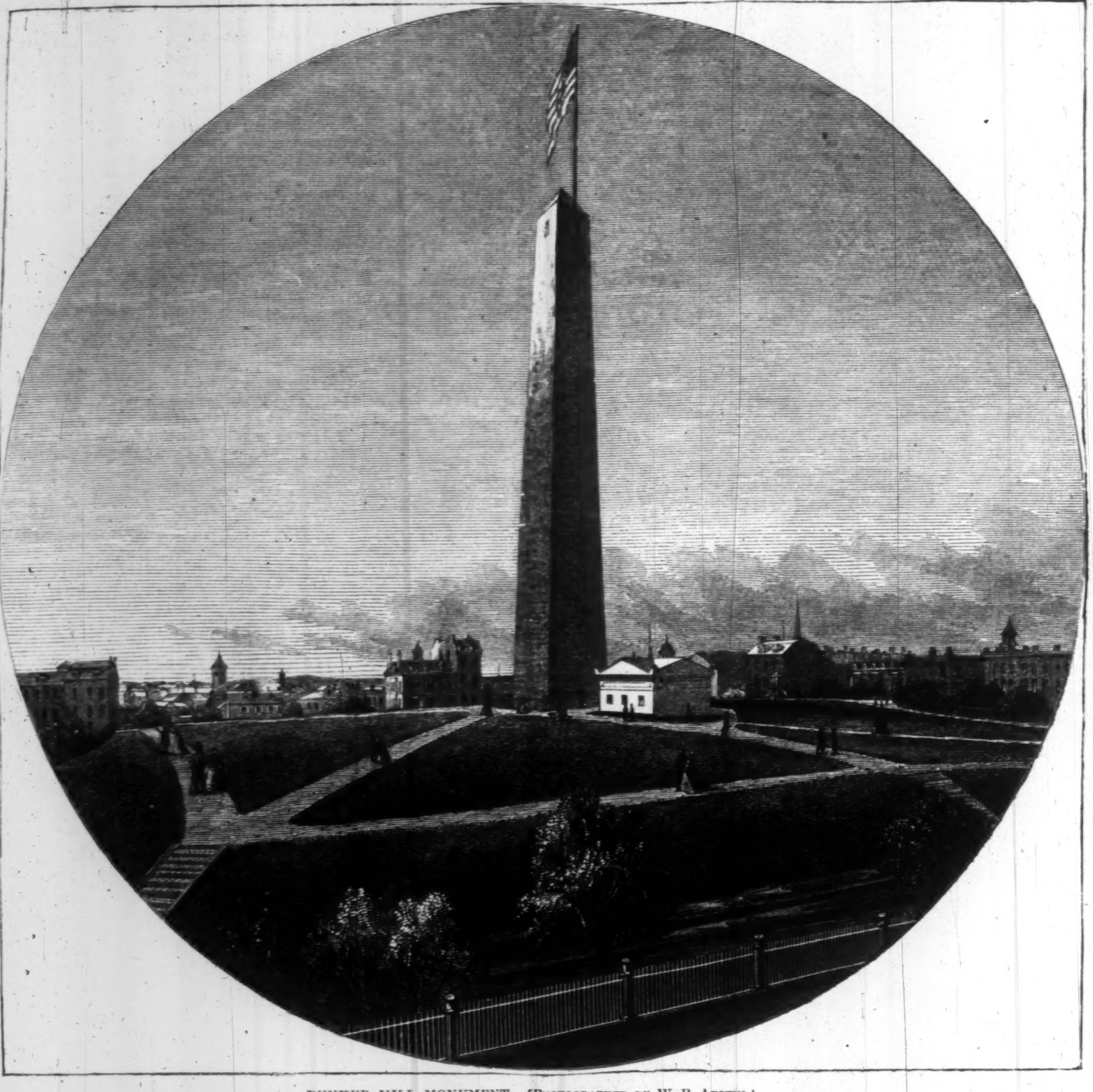
The Chancellor of Exchequer made on June 5 the following statement in the House of Commons in answer to General Peel's question as to whether the Conference had been given up: "I am sorry to state that I must give an answer substantially in the affirmative to the question of the right honorable and gallant gentleman. The first communication made to the British Government was a telegraphic message received last night from France, stating that, in the opinion of the French Government, the Conference was at an end, in consequence of the answer from Austria imposing conditions that were regarded as impracticable. We are now in possession of the Austrian dispatch upon the subject, and the substance of it is this: She required a definite assurance that all the Powers which were to take part in the projected Conference should be ready to renounce the pursuit of any special or particular interest to the detriment of the general tranquillity; and the Austrian Government went on further to explain that sentiment by saying that, in order that the work of peace which the Cabinets had in view might be in a condition to be accomplished, it appeared to them indispensable that it should be agreed beforehand to exclude from the deliberations of the Conference any thing that would tend to give to any of the States who were then invited to the meeting any territorial augmentation or increase of power. The requirement of such an engagement beforehand was regarded by the Government of France as equivalent to the refusal of a Conference, and as rendering it impossible; and the Government of England are agreed in their view of the case with the Government of France. All prospect of the meeting of a Conference must therefore, I fear, be regarded as at an end."

War it seems must follow. Austria has three-fourths of a million of men in the field. She is, or thinks herself, a full match for all her present adversaries. Her population nearly equals theirs, and she has the Middle States of Germany, with an army of 150,000 men, favorable to her, and likely to move in her favor if the war lasts. In Italy the Austrian army, intrenched in one of the strongest positions in Europe, may allow the enemy to exhaust his strength against the Quadrilateral. In the north Field-Marshal Benedek, the ablest soldier of the empire, is at the head of an army which may strike a sudden and crushing blow. From the frontier of Bohemia he looks northward and eastward over the plains of the Prussian kingdom, and sees no invincible obstacle to the capture of Berlin or the reconquest of Silesia. Whatever may be in store for the Austrians they are at this moment convinced that the outbreak of war will give them victory and revenge, and deliver the empire forever from the designs of its enemies.

The convocation of the Holstein States by General Gablenz is looked upon by Prussia as an act of direct provocation. The *Nord Deutsche Zeitung* says that the Austrian declaration to the Diet is little calculated to strengthen the peaceful hopes which the plan of a Conference had raised. The convocation of the States, as a political measure, can not be regarded otherwise than as a glaring violation of treaties, and an attack upon the sovereign rights of Prussia.

In the mean time Prussian troops have entered Holstein, and the Austrians have concentrated at Altona. Austria has instructed Gablenz to avoid an armed conflict in Holstein.

## BUNKER HILL.



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—[Photographed by W. B. Austin.]

Bunker Hill is a round, smooth elevation in Charlestown, Massachusetts, 110 feet high, commanding the peninsula of Boston. It was connected by a ridge on its southern slope with a smaller elevation known as Breed's Hill, 75 feet high, the crests of the two hills being about 700 yards apart. These heights are famous for the battle fought on them between the Americans and the British, June 17, 1775. The city of Boston was at the time occupied by the British General, Gage, who had just received large reinforcements, under Generals Burgoyne, Howe, and Clinton. The American forces, with their head-quarters at Cambridge, knowing little of military discipline, and made up of independent companies of militia and volunteers, were under command of General Artemas Ward, who had under him Prescott, Putnam, Gridley, Stark, and Pomeroy—men who had learned the art of war in the battles with the French. This was the situation when Colonel Prescott, with 1000 men, was sent to seize the hills commanding Boston. Bunker Hill was occupied first, but the position was abandoned for Breed's Hill, nearer Boston. During the 17th Prescott was reinforced by Putnam and Warren. Intrenchments had been thrown up, and the Americans awaited the attack, which came shortly after noon. The British numbered about 2000 men. The attack was made in front, the British moving up to the breast-works.—But they were repulsed again and again in several charges, until at length the ammunition of the Americans gave out, and the latter were compelled to retreat. The loss of the British was over 1000 men, that of the Americans 449.—Among the killed was General Warren.

The Monument commemorating the battle stands in the centre of the grounds included within the redoubt on Breed's Hill. It is a square shaft of Quincy granite, 221 feet in height, 31 feet square at the base, and 15 at the top. Inside the shaft is a winding staircase of 294 stone steps, which leads to a chamber just under the apex. This chamber has four windows, which command a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The corner-stone of the Monument was laid on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, June 17, 1825, by General Lafayette, then the nation's guest, when Daniel Webster pronounced an oration to an immense audience. About forty survivors of the battle were present on that occasion. The Monument was completed in 1842, at an expense of $150,000. It was dedicated June 17, 1843, the oration being delivered by Mr. Webster, and the President of the United States, with his entire Cabinet, forming a part of the vast audience.

## FRANCIS JOSEPH I., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

Francis Joseph I., Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, was born on the 18th of August, 1830. He is nephew of his predecessor, Ferdinand I., and eldest son of Archduke Francis Charles and of the Princess Sophia, daughter of Maximilian, King of Bavaria.

The Emperor Ferdinand, tired of the cares of royalty, and the victim of disease, abdicated at Olmutz on the 2d of December, 1848. The same day his only brother, the Archduke Francis Charles, waived his claims to the throne in favor of his son, who was declared of majority at the age of sixteen years.

The first years of his reign were disturbed by civil war. Hungary was in revolt, Sardinia had invaded the Milanese, and the Austrian empire seemed to have reached the brink of dissolution. The young Emperor had come to the throne with the promise of giving to the whole country a free, constitutional Government—a promise which he could not then, and which afterward he was not disposed to keep. The intervention of the Czar in Hungary and the victory of Novara combined to save him his throne. The reaction was terrible, and a large number of the revolutionary leaders were condemned to death.

All the efforts of the Emperor have tended to the preponderance of Austria in Germany, and, internally, to the centralization of power. On the 25th of April, 1854, he married the Princess Elizabeth-Amelia-Eugenie, daughter of Maximilian Joseph, Duke of Bava-

FRANCIS JOSEPH I., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

LUDWIG R. VON BENEDEK, THE AUSTRIAN GENERAL.—[See page 405.]

ria, who has given him two daughters. During the Crimean war the Emperor of Austria openly manifested sympathy with the Allies, but gave no material support to their armies.

In 1859 the war in Italy came on. What followed—the victories of the French and Italians, the loss of Lombardy to Austria, and the compromise of Villafranca at a time when Prussia seemed on the point of forming an alliance with Austria—is well known to our readers. There was a new Hungarian agitation in 1860, and a war seemed imminent, but the imperial proclamation of October 20, and the suitable concessions made by the Emperor, prevented its occurrence.

The Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH has created an order which bears his own name. He has devoted himself to the military administration of affairs, and is virtually his own Minister of War. In 1850 an attempt was made against his life, and he received a trifling wound.

## LUDWIG RITTER VON BENEDEK,
### THE AUSTRIAN GENERAL.

THE Austrian Emperor, FRANCIS JOSEPH, has intrusted to Field-Marshal LUDWIG RITTER VON BENEDEK the command of the Austrian Army of the North, which lies on the borders of Saxony and Prussia.

BENEDEK is a Hungarian and a Protestant. He was born in 1804, at Oidenburg, and after the usual course of training at Neustadt, he entered the Austrian army as a cornet in 1832. He obtained the rank of Colonel in 1843. He took a prominent part in quelling the Galician insurrection in 1845; and in the memorable Italian campaign of 1848, under RADETZKY, he distinguished himself at the retreat from Milan, at Osone, and especially at the battle of Curtatone, for which he received the order of Maria Theresa. In 1849 he contributed to the reduction of Mortara and to the victory of Novara. Ten years later, in the war of Italian independence, BENEDEK was one of the few Austrian Generals who exhibited very great military capacity. He commanded the Eighth Army Corps, and especially distinguished himself at Solferino, his division being the last to leave the field.

Both among the nobility and the lower classes BENEDEK is enthusiastically admired. When, on May 12, he made his head-quarters in Vienna, he was greeted with applause by the people and the army. To the latter he said:

"Soldiers! I bring you my whole, warm, soldier's heart, my iron will, my highest confidence in you, my unwavering trust in Almighty God, and, with all these, the faith which I derive from my former success as a soldier!"

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

# INSIDE.
## A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

BY GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

"YES, Sir, the grandest sort of a spree; and, as you well know, Simmons, I always said so from the start, by George! This is the smash up, Sir, and a smash up it *is*, ain't it?"

"Mr. Withers, I have refrained so far with the very desperation of hope. I can refrain no longer. It *is* as you say; I confess it, it *is*," says Captain Simmons, lugubriously dignified. "Sir," continues he, with the solemnity of a drunken and exceedingly dilapidated Dr. Samuel Johnson, "I casually met that fellow Neely. In reply to a question of mine, he informed me that he had ceased to think at all, that there was only vacuum where once he had possessed brains. Neely is a Yankee, just now the bluest Yankee eyes ever beheld, and, being a Yankee, I can have no sentiment in common with him. But such are my feelings also. Words learned in earliest childhood—I think I once sang them in Sabbath-school—

'Something and systems into ruin hurled,
And now a nation bursts, and now a world.'

Something at least to that effect has been running in my mind day and night. I tell you, Sir, ours"—and Captain Simmons extends his right hand, and says it *oro rotundo*—"is the grandest collapse in the history of the world. Yes, Sir, the suddenest, unexpectedest, most total and complete collapse of which history, sacred and profane, has any instance."

The same phrase runs its rounds among Secessionists, with a sort of pride, too, as if there was something to soothe and console one's self with in the very magnificence of the collapse.

Yes, it is a collapse; no man in Somerville, no good Secession lady even, doubts or denies that now. There was a feeble attempt to get up a public meeting in Somerville to breathe undaunted purpose to continue the struggle; but a ghastly affair it was, very few present, tremendous resolutions presented by Lamum the editor, and passed on the ground of half a dozen yeas and no nays. Captain Simmons, Lamum, Smithers, and one or two vagrant Colonels, make speeches, in which it is well known they have no faith themselves in private circles. And Lamum publishes the proceedings of this, as of dozens of exactly similar meetings throughout the State, with all the old adjectives of enthusiastic, thronging, harmonious, unanimous, and the weary like, but not a soul now is deceived. The whole thing is worn out. Lamum prints letters from fierce zealots here and there, some sending in spoons and butter-knives for the Confederate Treasury, representing that our hope is

RECONSTRUCTION.

in the fact that the United States are disbanding their armies; that Europe must certainly intervene *now*; that a just God—Mr. Ellis writes a series of articles to that effect—can not, will not, ought not, must not, shall not, abandon a cause so manifestly His own; that if we will only hold out a little longer, a foreign war or something else may turn up for our deliverance.

People hardly even read a line of all this. For four long years they have believed with a belief passing all calculation, but even the faculty of belief is wearing out. Nobody has any regard even for Brother Barker these days; people withdraw their children from his Sabbath-school, or suffer them to stay away unreproved, and never go to church themselves; the very best members sunk, for the time, into a coldness, not to say apostasy, which language fails to express. Haggard, restless, sallow, lean Brother Barker, from the crown of his lank hair to the soles of his sorrowful feet, in countenance, apparel, and bearing breathes only desolation and despair. At times even he flares up, however.

"Never," he says to Bob Withers, taking up again the refrain of the general croak—a refrain, however, which, vigorous and unanimous at first, is fast dwindling down to the rare and solitary cry of an individual here and there—"I, for one, will never live under Federal despotism; never, Sir, never, never! I will go to Mexico, to the Sandwich Islands first. Rather," says Brother Barker, with a savage gleam in his eyes, "I will stay here and agitate."

"Do what?" asks Mr. Withers, who has taken Brother Barker in his hand and excited him up thus, exactly as a child rubs a match to see it fizz and burn blue, only for the melancholy fun of it. "Do what?"

"Agitate, Sir, agitate, agitate! Aid in getting up another revolution, if it is eight years hence."

The fact is, we good Secessionists in Somerville, having duly sown the wind, are now harvesting in our whirlwind, and the crop is terrible.

Mr. Arthur endeavors to promote a certain pity for them in his bosom by summing it up in conversation with grim Mr. Ferguson:

"You can hardly imagine a ruin more complete," he says. "Take Colonel Ret Roberts as an instance. He has proved disastrously mistaken in all upon which he staked his sagacity and judgment. He endures the agonies of defeat, utter and perpetual defeat, military and political. He has lost all his property, especially his negroes. He may not owe debts North himself; multitudes do who have paid them to the Confederacy, and now have to pay them over again. He may not have bought confiscated property; multitudes have invested largely in that, and have to disgorge. Then there is his bitter humiliation in the triumph of the Union men, upon whom he has so trampled here in Somerville; dread of terrible vengeance, even, at their hands. We Union men had, even in our darkest days, at least hope left us; these have no hope—none. He has no future. You can hardly imagine loss to a man more complete."

"Yes, I can," replies Mr. Ferguson, who has stern satisfaction in the ruin of his Secession friends painful to contemplate. "Barker, Mr. Ellis, and others like them, have, in addition, lost their very faith in their religion. In the most terrible affliction men can endure they have not even that to fly to. For the time, at least, their very belief in and use of Christianity is stunned."

"Yes," replies Mr. Arthur, even with enthusiasm; "but you will see, Sir, that in the case of the truly pious among the Secessionists—and many of the most zealous of them, in and out of the pulpit, are among the best and most devoted of Christians in the world—this defeat of the cause in which they had invested all that is dearest them on earth, this most terrible affliction and trial will, like every other chastisement in the case of a child of God, work out in each of them a deeper, more devoted piety. I do believe, Sir," Edward Arthur adds, with earnestness, "this whole thing will be as an ordeal preparing the whole church on this continent, North and South, in all its denominations, for greater devotion to God and power over men for good than we have ever yet dreamed men capable of—instruments made meet by these very times, you see, for the Master's use."

And very clearly, indeed, does this minister see it to be his duty, in and out of the pulpit, to preach conciliation, moderation, and all the kindred Christian virtues; mingling much more with men than for years past, suppressing all partisan exultation, glowing with quiet enthusiasm instead in this direction. But joy in the result? Gratitude to God for it? The feeling is a much more quiet one than he had imagined it would be in anticipating it in dark days, which seem a hundred years ago now; but ah, it is an unspeakable one!

Yet, as these eventful days of May, 1865, sweep along, a new hue of feeling suddenly colors the wide and roaring current. Union men in Somerville had dreaded the rise of a bitter feeling against them which might result in the destruction of their lives and property. They are lost sight of, or thought of only with respect, in the new feeling which suddenly and angrily flushes the surface, especially among the soldiers returning by thousands to their homes. It is a feeling of bitter wrath against their own officers, partly because of individual grievances at their hands, chiefly on account of the belief, deep-seated and universal among the army, that the officers, with scarce an exception, have been engaged all along in such systematic swindling in cotton and commissary stores as no country has ever before known. The feeling has been long growing—growing for years. Military subordination suddenly thrown off, it bursts forth with terrible vehemence. Speculators, too, outside of the army, share the deep hatred of the soldiers. The universal cry is, "While we have been enduring privations for years, suffering and without pay, these have been at home making money. At least they shall share with us!"

Suddenly officers and speculators find themselves in the very camp of enemies more to be dreaded than the Federals, and they, after a moment of bewilderment, are flying in all directions. All Government property in reach is in some instances broken into and plundered. The stores of speculators share the same fate. Demoralized by plunder, the soldiery fall next upon any supplies in reach under the same plea. No house in Somerville and throughout the State safe from their search on the least suspicion, or none at all, of secreted Government supplies. Until, at last, every man in Somerville, the officials most of all, first secretly prays for, then openly desires, ardently desires the arrival of the National forces as his only hope.

"I wish to Heaven they would come!" Dr. Ginnis does not hesitate openly to say the day the soldiers disinter twenty sacks of coffee from beneath the corn in his crib. And yet, only a week before, the portly Doctor, in acknowledging in husky voice that we are whipped, that the war is over, had darkly added, "For the present, Sir, only for the present!" with terrible intimations of glare and gesture of a guerrilla war to be waged for, at the least calculation, forty years to come.

Even after the surrender of Lee Mrs. Smithers has denounced the panic of the hour as a mere panic. Smithers has speculated, in some complicated manner, in paper-money. The postmaster Smithers is, but of course it was not Government money he used, turning the paper into specie, and that into sugar, and that into negroes. Yes, negroes. That is Smithers's weakness, negroes.

"Just as soon as this little panic is over," Smithers demonstrates to his wife, "those negroes will bring twice what I gave. Soon as the war is over, Araminty, one negro will bring more'n I paid for all."

Yet the panic increases rather. Smithers has as much as he can do to secrete about his place what valuable property he has. Colonel Ret Roberts's house is searched by the soldiers on one side of him, and Mr. Neely's on the other, and the soldiers say they are successful, too, for Government stores. Even long, red Mrs. Smithers is terrified. With a tub and cloth ready on the front porch, and a child on the look-out, whenever a squad of soldiers happen to pass, Mrs. Smithers, dropping every thing to do so, is on her knees upon the porch scrubbing the floor for dear life—the idea being to impress on the minds of the soldiers the fact that the house is inhabited only by the poorest of people. Until, at last, even Mrs. Smithers is as wrathful against the Federals for not coming as she ever was against them for coming at all.

"I must do you the justice to say so, Dr. Warner. I have never yet had an intimation, even in this dark hour, of any desire on *your* part for the Federals to come."

It is good Mr. Ellis who says it, seated in the Doctor's parlor at this critical period. Mr. Ellis has dropped in for medicine for his ailing wife, and in fact has never entirely dropped Dr. Warner on political grounds; the Doctor is so fat and easy and good-natured it is almost impossible to do so on any grounds. Very cold has been Mr. Ellis's manner to the Doctor; very crisp his "Good-mornings, Sir!" in passing; very reticent each to the other during the Doctor's professional visits upon Mrs. Ellis; but both are men too thoroughly good at heart to lose all "elective affinity" for each other.

"Of course," continues Mr. Ellis, in his nervous manner, "I regret you have not been more decidedly Southern, Dr. Warner. I disapproved of Secession as much as yourself, Sir; it was wrong. But when we of the South were actually attacked then I buried all that. Even if your brother or father is in the wrong, would you not defend them if attacked? My country right or wrong, Sir! Your upholding Mr. Arthur in his course has pained me. In fact, I do most

"OH, MOTHER, MR. ARTHUR IS KILLED!"

heartily disapprove"—Mr. Ellis always kindles as he goes—"of your lukewarm support of the Confederacy. I think it wrong, very wrong."

Mr. Ellis need not have reproached himself at all for saying that. He was not a bit to blame. Mrs. Warner only used it as a pretext; she had almost fretted herself and Sally, her two hundred pounds' weight of black cook, to death for an opportunity ever since the surrender of Dick Taylor, the last of her hopes, to say it:

"And you think Dr. Warner wrong, do you, Mr. Ellis?" she breaks in, whirling like a gust round from her sewing-machine to say it. "Wrong? Wra-ong? Ha! And you to sit there and say it, after God himself—and you a pious church-member too—has Himself shown what *He* thinks of Secession. Mr. Ellis, I've known you for years, respected you too, and you are under my roof. But this much I must say to you—you are *crazy*, as crazy as any lunatic that ever was put in a strait-jacket. And for you to believe in that lying, thieving, murdering—hold your tongue, Dr. Warner!—retreating, boasting, cheating, repudiating Confederacy, the grandest swindling concern this earth ever saw! And after it is actually gone to pieces too! I wouldn't say a word, Dr. Warner, but it is more than I *can* stand. You are wrong—wra-ong! A quiet, sensible man when it begun. A quiet, sensible man, holding your tongue in all the raging folly when you saw you could do no good, all through these—these four long, long, bad, bitter years. Standing by your minister when he only wanted to be nothing but a minister and let politics alone. Yes, I know what you would say, Mr. Ellis. I am not ashamed to confess it, now I see my error, more shame to you sticking out in what you see now is all wrong. Yes, I'm glad of the opportunity to acknowledge how wrong I've been, specially to my own husband. Not that I expect to turn angel. He married Helen Morris, and Helen Morris I'm certain I'll be till I die. But I am sick in my very stomach of Secession—sick to death. Here you've been telling Dr. Warner it wasn't the Federals whipped us, but the speculating and stealing, from the highest officers downward. Confessing with your own mouth that the whole thing was rotten, needed only a touch to make it crumble of itself like a rotten, rotten old pumpkin. And Dr. Warner is wrong—wra-ong!" intensely sarcastic, in shrillest F sharp.

"I tell you what, Dr. Warner," rising suddenly from her seat, upsetting her sewing-machine in doing so, and crossing the room rapidly to her husband. "I've been burning to say it. I'm glad Mr. Ellis has stirred me up to say it—yes, and to hear me say it sits right there. I'm proud of you, Dr. Warner. You do *not* talk out as much as I could wish; but all these four years you've had ten thousand times my sense. There, never throw it up to me I've said it, and I'll be sorry in ten minutes I told you; but it is only the solemn fact, you provoking old thing!" And Mrs. Warner throws her arms about that weather-beaten mariner's neck, as he sits with the old droop of his head lower than ever, awaiting the blowing out of this most unexpected gale, stoops down, kisses him upon his bald forehead, rises again, and confronts astonished Mr. Ellis; the canal-gates open their widest, hysterical but defiant.

And good Mr. Ellis finally leaves the house, having obtained a good deal more medicine than he came for.

Mr. Ellis, wilted, shriveled, bewildered, thrice in age what the past four years should have left him, looks up, as he walks home, to encounter the cheerful face and the hearty good-day of Mr. Arthur riding by. It is as the new era in contrast with the old. Only the minister chides himself for not having worn a soberer manner—nothing he abhors more than any even unintentional triumph over his old friend—chides himself for his aspect, under the circumstances, of cheerfulness even. But how can I help it without playing the hypocrite? he asks himself.

But he rides fast, for he has a letter from Mr. Staples's returned son for Mrs. Sorel. He thinks it must be from Frank, her long absent boy, only he does not know the writing upon the envelope, very much worn and dirtied by being brought so far in the soldier's knapsack. There is a singular fear thrilling to his heart as from the touch of the letter, taking it out of his breast-pocket when he gets out of town to look at it again—a creeping influence, a crawling cold. As he rides it gathers over him, a fear, a vague apprehension, so that he almost starts to hear himself called by some one from among the corn in a field to his left.

Drawing in his horse he sees it is a rough field-hand, who is hoeing near the fence—a savage of a negro, with his hair done up in little tails around his brow, the woolly beard in scant patches over his face. Mr. Arthur, as the negro takes off his fragment of a hat, recognizes him as Colonel Juggins's Jem.

"Good-mornin', Mass Arthur. Jest one minute. Hope all well, Sar. I want to see you. Any way, I seed you ridin' along, an' it comes upon me to tell you—" the boy says, scratching his head, shifting his hoe from hand to hand, looking eagerly at Mr. Arthur, agitated and confused. "Orange he say, you hold your tongue, you fool, none of your business. Orange is a passon like you, but somehow— Look hyar, Mass Arthur, ebery body say you mighty good man—"

"I am in a hurry, Jem."

"One minute, Sar. Case is dis. Suppose a man owe you money, keep promisin', promisin', promisin'—"

"Really, Jem, any other time. I have a letter for Mrs. Sorel from Frank," begins Mr. Arthur, touching his spur to his horse; for a leading defect in this gentleman's character is hurry and impatience.

"You *better* hear me!" It is all the boy says, but there is emphasis so peculiar in the tones, as they fall upon the rider's ears rods off, that he halts his restive horse and rides back.

"You know that man—Peel is his name—Dr. Peel? Ha! needn't tell me, Sar; I kin see you know him. I nuffin to say of him, Massa, not one word to say," adds the negro, with earnest deprecation. "He rich, big, splen-did man. Nebber saw him myself in my life. Nebber heard him say one word. Nebber spoke one word to him in my life; may Great Massa up above strike me dead in dis fence corner if I ebber did!"

"What about him?" asks the rider, with breathless eagerness.

"I hear tell he goin' to marry Miss Anne Wright, marry her dis berry mornin'—"

One instant, only one instant, the minister sits on his horse still and cold and pale as marble; the next he has gone at his horse's best speed toward Mrs. Sorel's house, but toward her house only because it is on the road to Mr. Alonzo Wright's.

Arrived there, he throws the halter of his horse over the post, and hurries in; it will take him but a moment. It is sheer force of habit which causes him thus to stop, and hurry to his bedroom to be one moment there, only one moment, upon his knees—if ever in his life surely to-day. Meeting Mrs. Sorel in the passage, he places her letter in her hand and hurries by. Before he has well closed his room door he hears her cry. That cry, peculiar to her sex, never uttered by them save when wrung from the deepest distress, he understands. Frank is dead, killed probably, dead certainly. Yet he stands trembling with impatience none the less when the white-haired mother, in the agony of her grief, casts herself upon his bosom, crying:

"Oh, Frank, Frank! I knew it was coming, but I can not, can not bear it. Help me, oh my Heavenly Father, help, help!"

How strange it seems, how cruel! Mr. Arthur has no word hardly of consolation for her, does not draw her down beside him upon her knees in even the briefest prayer in that terrible hour. With but an impassioned word, a mere syllable, in fact, of consolation, he unclasps her aged arms from about him, puts her by gently but firmly, and hastens past with cold, set face.

Fresh impediment. As he walks rapidly down the front walk, he meets a lady coming up it with hurried step. She is veiled, but he would recognize the form if it were only by the quickened beatings of his own heart. Even then it forgets for one instant all the world beside, and bounds toward her with the truest and strongest instinct it is capable of. And she recognizes him in the same moment, lifts her head bowed down upon her bosom, throws back her veil, reveals her face all discolored with weeping. She starts impulsively toward him as she does so, yet draws back even in the act itself with freshened color in her face.

"Oh, Mr. Arthur, such terrible news!" she says. "Rutledge, brother Rutledge, my only brother! And I fear it will kill mamma. I was in school. They gave her the letter first. A soldier brought it. It will kill mamma. I didn't know what to do. I rode out to see if Mrs. Sorel, to see if you—"

"In there, in there—see Mrs. Sorel! Not now, Miss Alice, dear Alice! Mrs. Sorel, Mrs. Sorel!" he interrupts her, in hurried tones; and Alice, amazed even in her anguish, sees her lover unfasten his horse, hurry past her with cold, set face, mount and ride rapidly off in the direction from Somerville. The next moment she and Mrs. Sorel are weeping aloud, clasped in each other's arms.

Not two hours after Mr. Arthur rides from Mrs. Sorel's gate, Mr. Wright, Dr. Peel, and Brother Barker alight at the gate of the first-named gentleman. Mr. Wright is evidently intoxicated, Dr. Peel is dressed with unusual splendor, even Brother Barker is as bright and fresh as his best black suit can make him. But all seem hurried and heated. Brother Barker is sallow beyond all precedent, which is saying a good deal, for very ashen and yellow, indeed, has been his complexion for the last two months.

"I told you so when you wanted me to have that man come out here to-day. Devotedly as I am attached to your daughter, Sir, I tell you plainly I would rather forego her hand than have such a fellow officiate."

It is Dr. Peel who says it as they ride up to the gate.

"A Union man, Sir, a bitter Union man. As I said at the time, a regular Federal spy in our midst. A —— hypocrite!" Almost the entire stock of Dr. Peel's profanity interposed between the two words. "You did right to kill him, Sir, perfectly right. Even this clergyman could not object under the circumstances. We will ride in to-morrow and surrender ourselves. Acquit you! You will receive the thanks, Sir, of every Southern man in Somerville. Besides, as a spy, even the Federals could not touch you for shooting him."

"Look here, Peel," says Mr. Wright, seizing upon that gentleman's arm as he is about to open the gate, steadying himself with difficulty as he does so. "I told you I ought not to have drunk a drop there in town. Under the circumstances, you see. Out of respect to Anne. Dr. Peel, look here. I love my daughter. You, parson—what is it? Parker? Barker? I love that daughter of mine there in this house. I love her because I killed her mother, you see; not shot her, you know—it was with a big music-book, I believe. Besides, Anne's a good daughter; best girl, prettiest girl on earth. No, you don't," with a firmer hold upon Dr. Peel's arm, who is endeavoring to open the gate. "Wait. Champagne? How much was it? It's my impression you put something in it. I ought *not* to be drunk before Anne to-day, told you so five hundred times there in Somerville. Humph, if I only had half a thought you did, I'd—Parson Arthur? Why didn't you hit him yourself? However, I fired at him once myself in the old gin, and missed. Did you ever hear me tell about it, Mr. Parker, Marker—what *is* your name?" with great indignation at the clergyman present, and copious oaths.

"Not now, Mr. Wright," entreated Dr. Peel, in his most persuasive manner. "We've got the license, Miss Anne is waiting—"

"Think I care one cent?" interposed Mr. Wright. "Yes, I did kill that Parson Arthur, plucky fellow, though, he was. Ought to have seen him that day down there at the old gin. Kill? Why," and Mr. Wright took his revolver from its leather case at his waist, "see this? See how smooth it revolves? All you've got to do is to cock it—see?—point it at your man, one little, little touch on this trigger, and—down he goes. Arthur ain't the first man I've killed, by a long sight; nor won't be the last. Why, gentlemen," continued Mr. Wright, with an air of perfect sincerity, his eyes half closing as he looks at each in turn, and his voice in that peculiar low key which can not be described—"if either of you were to give me cause, half a cause, a shadow of a reason for it, I'd kill you here and now—kill both of you with the greatest satisfaction, rather do it than not. You see I *like* such things. Ever since that day I up with the big music-book—you see I had been drinking—"

"Mr. Wright," interposes Dr. Peel. "We have the license; here is the clergyman, Miss Anne sees us. I ask you as a father if you think it respectful to Miss Anne Wright—"

"Put it on that ground, do you? Well, let us go in. Only, wa'n't it over in a flash?" and he confronts his companions as they proceed up the walk toward the front-door. "Here we were riding along talking about—what were we talking about?—never mind. All on a sudden down upon us comes that fellow Arthur—rides well, rode well, I mean, didn't he? What was he saying? Oh yes, Colonel Wright, Colonel Wright, one word with you, Colonel Wright, wasn't that it? You says, Peel, what was it? Oh yes, Mr. Wright, you say, yonder comes a man I know to be a Yankee, a Federal spy, and my mortal foe, shoot him down! What did you turn so yellow for, Peel? your lips were white, screamed like a wild cat you did, didn't he, Mr. Larker, Parker; what"—a very large oath—"*is* the reason I can't keep your name in my mind? Never mind. What was it? I said. Let's hear what the man has to say, Peel. Then you whips out your six-shooter and fired. Missed, of course. Fellow kept right on steady as steel, didn't wince or draw rein. What did he say? For God's sake, Colonel Wright, one word with you! Then over in a flash, wa'n't it? I had out my revolver and fired. I assure you, gentlemen;" and Mr. Wright brims the assurance with oaths. "It was like that day with my wife. I didn't even know I laid hold, or intended to touch that music-book—you see she was playing on the piano at the time; it was over before I knew it. Something in here," says Mr. Wright, gravely, and laying his hand on his bosom, "not myself. It wasn't there the moment before. It is gone the instant the thing is done. What you would call the devil, parson; wouldn't you? Sing out."

"Really, my dear Sir, I—it is very difficult—" Brother Barker begins, smiling feebly, rubbing his hands together, glancing for aid to Dr. Peel.

"Think I may kill you? you are a coward. Arthur wasn't. Riding steadily up. One word, Colonel Wright, for God's sake, one word! his right hand up that way. Then I fired for his left breast button, last of the row, and—down he went. Never," added Mr. Wright, impressively, "whatever you do, gentlemen, never fire merely at a man. Always aim—I always do—for some distinct something—a button, a breast-pin, something of the sort on him."

And so they turn to go, Dr. Peel foaming with impatience, but afraid to cross the man, Brother Barker wishing that he had been on some distant appointment instead of in Somerville when they came for him that morning. Nor does his dismay decrease when Mr. Wright suddenly turns upon him when they are on the steps of the portico.

"What was that you said at the time, parson? For Heaven's sake let me get down and see if he is killed, wasn't it? I says, I've brought you out to marry Anne and I'll kill you too if you—yes that was it—kill you too, if you try it. You pucker up your face and say, rolling up your eyes, as if it was a grace at table, It is the awful judgment on him of God. It's very curious," adds Mr. Wright, as they enter the door—"in these difficulties I am like a spectator looking on; know all that is done, remember every thing that is said perfectly well, a kind of two of us in the thing at the same moment, a cool one and a hot one, and which is me and which is the devil I never *can* tell."

Only all this is pale and colorless delineation of Mr. Wright's words, the crimson and fervor of his profanity being omitted. As to the facts, they were as he stated.

And the minister lies bleeding, apparently dead, in the road where he fell. His horse, startled by the shots and his rider's fall, had fled from the spot for a few hundred yards, had then stopped to graze, and so had by nightfall found his way to his stable-door, carrying fresh alarm for his owner to a household already sufficiently distressed.

Mrs. Sorel had gone to town with Alice hours before and has not returned. The servants, greatly afflicted by the loss of their "Mass Frank," doubly afflicted by this new calamity—for they are all greatly attached to Mr. Arthur—hasten to inform Robby in the house of the arrival of the riderless steed. A few hours before that sedate little boy was only "Robby," now he is "Mass Robby" with the servants. His mother, too, has clasped him to her bosom, wept over him, and kissed him as her only child. In spite of his anguish Robby is not without a new sense of importance. Sorely afflicted in regard to Mr. Arthur, to whom he is ardently attached, with tears streaming afresh down his cheeks, but with the gravity of the oldest of men, he gives charge to the household to be careful, generally, during his absence, and rides in through the darkening twilight to Somerville, meditating soberly and with a sense of having attained, during the last few hours, years of growth.

Entering at last the house of Mrs. Bowles, so well known yet so long unvisited, he steals quietly, as is his wont every where, into her chamber. But even Robby's sobriety of soul is startled at the deadly hue upon the face of that lady, lying, a mere shadow of her former self, partly in the arms of his mother, who sits upon the bed—all the alienation of the last few years utterly gone, and the two friends more to each other now by far than ever before; while Alice comes and goes silently and gently, not without a pleasure in the reconciliation of the hour, even in her deepest sorrow for her dead brother, and for her mother fast following him. Common affliction has melted every coldness between these two, made keenly alive, by and during their years of separation, to all they really are to each other. It touches Alice to observe how, in a mutual manner and tone, these two sorrow-smitten and white-haired friends are more to each other, like the schoolmates of years ago, than grown persons.

"Read it yet once more, Eliza dear; just once more, please. Not from the beginning—that passage about his being a high-toned gentleman," Mrs. Bowles is saying as Robby steals quietly in.

"'No officer in the army could have been more ardently beloved—' No, that is the wrong paragraph," Mrs. Sorel says, searching for the passage in the soiled and crumpled paper in her hand, wet with tears, and already known by heart, every line of it, to these three. "Yes, here it is," continues Mrs. Sorel, at last, reading from the letter: "'It has been my lot to be thrown with many officers from the State of our common birth, very many of all grades during the war; but among them all, I am free to say that Captain Rutledge Bowles stood pre-eminent as a high-toned gentleman and most gallant soldier. It was only after Colonel Carrington had frequently expressed his hearty approval of the killing of Lincoln that Captain Bowles spoke at all upon the subject; nor then, until Colonel Carrington had pressed Captain Bowles for an utterance of his opinion. The very strong language used by your lamented son in detestation of the crime in question was but characteristic of the man, as I have already remarked in full. Nor has Colonel Carrington even the excuse of intoxication, which the delirium of his language and conduct on the occasion would seem to indicate. Some excuse may be found for him who slew your son in the intensity of chagrin and bitterness attending the fall of Charleston. But, in the interest of truth it should be stated, so far as any exasperation on this ground should have affected any one, that individual might have better plead it in the case of Captain Bowles, he being a South Carolinian by birth, than Colonel C., who is well known to be a native of Connecticut. And this is the general rule—'"

"That will do, Eliza," and the pale sufferer places her thin hand upon the paper. "I thank God for it, Lizzie dear. I did hope, even pray, that Rutledge Bowles might fight, even if he must fall there, upon some great field of victory within South Carolina. My heavenly Father has granted my prayer, though not as I thought. He has fallen on that soil—fallen in even a nobler cause—fallen in detestation and denunciation of a dastardly crime; the nobler in him to denounce it, to die for denouncing it, as it was a crime against the man in all the world whom we both—Rutledge Bowles and myself I mean—hold in greatest dislike. An inscrutable Providence, Lizzie"—and here the wasted hand wanders feebly about the sunken temples—"has been against the South. We won't discuss it, dear. I have tried to understand it; tried, and tried. If you only knew, Eliza," said the grief-struck woman, with earnest eyes upon the friend on whose bosom she leaned, "how *hard* I've tried! I've laid awake long nights through, when Alice here slept sweetly by my side, trying to make it out—trying so very, very hard. I have gone over the whole Bible in search for light, Lizzie. I have wept and prayed so! Don't be offended with me; we won't say any thing more about it; but I can not see how South Carolina was wrong. I know God rules, dear; does nothing but what is right; but we *ought* to have succeeded, Lizzie. I always feel that—"

"Mamma, please, you know what Dr. Warner—" begins Alice, who sits beside her mother, with the humble pleading of a little child, and moistening the thin hand clasped in her own with tears.

"I was only going to speak about the terrible fall of Charleston, and about those awful scenes in Columbia—but you are right. Only I try and try"—the hand taken from her daughter's grasp, and touching the forehead here and there with fragile fingers. "I do not, I can not understand—"

"But you were speaking of Rutledge, Alice," says Mrs. Sorel, mindful of the daughter's eyes, appealing to her through tears, and in gentlest tones.

"Yes, Lizzie, I know, and you know too, how foolish I have always been about Rutledge Bowles—except Alice here, all I had on earth; but I think even this moment more about South Carolina and its defeat and all than I do about him. You know how we have both been trained to that, Lizzie; it is part of my—my very heart;

I can not help it. That Abolitionists should actually conquer us!" and again the frail hand goes to the brow, unspeakable bewilderment in her eyes.

"But I too have lost my son, Alice—my Frank. Let me read you the letter again." And in quiet tones, but with the tears trickling down her cheeks and glittering upon the white sheet as she reads, Mrs. Sorel again goes over the few words of her letter, brought in the same package with her friend's, telling of the death of her boy, after long sickness, in the hospital at Richmond. The letter is roughly written by a comrade, many words misspelled, but all to the effect that it was the death of a Christian youth fully prepared to die, his last breath filled with messages of love to his mother and Robby, and confident expectations of reunion with them in a world where war is forever unknown. Very peaceful and quiet his death, breathing quiet and peace even through the first anguish of the bereaved mother.

"And there is this too, Eliza, about Rutledge Bowles," says the pallid sufferer, returning immediately, though after deepest sympathy with her friend, to her own sorrow. "Alice will tell you I told her, when I recovered from my fainting fit it was my first thought, as it is now my consolation. It is better he should have died, Lizzie, now that South Carolina is defeated. Rutledge Bowles could not have endured to see it, dear. To live under the rule of Abolitionists would have been to him a living agony and humiliation worse than death. It is better as it is. Though why our heavenly Father should have permitted—" And as the wasted fingers seek the forehead, Robby can no longer keep silence. He has stolen silently by his mother's side, she aware of his presence there, but too absorbed in the sorrow of her friend and herself for her to notice him.

"Oh, mother, mother!" says Robby, the tears beginning to flow afresh at the sound of his own voice, "Mr. Arthur, Mr. Arthur!" and breaks down.

Alice is seated by the bed, gently drawing out through her hands the long white tresses of her mother, too full of sorrow to speak, but at the name she turns so sharply around even her mother can not but remark it, her lips parted, every vestige of color gone from her cheeks.

"Oh, mother, Mr. Arthur is killed! His horse—" But Robby can get no farther, for Alice has fallen forward upon the bosom of Mrs. Sorel in a faint, and all is confusion.

[*To be Continued.*]

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT is somewhat curious—even if one visits a first-class restaurant on a Sunday—to notice the compulsory change of "programme" which some unthinking epicures are forced to make since the passage of the new excise law. An attentive waiter at Delmonico's arranges with care and nicety a cozy table for a gentleman who is evidently quite "at home" there. The order for dinner is given, ending with: "And bring me a bottle of Royal Rose." "No wine at all served to-day, Sir." The thoughtless gentleman looks up in surprise—manifestly he has not been to church, and apparently has not once thought of its being Sunday! "No wine?" "No, Sir, not to-day." "Ah!" responds the disappointed applicant, glancing reflectively at the occupied tables in his immediate vicinity; "well" —another investigating glance—"bring me a bottle of Champagne cider!" And this order being complied with, and the opening "*pop*" assisting his imagination, the recipient tries to fancy himself enjoying *real* Champagne.

The workings of the Excise Law are awaking free discussion on the question of temperance; and in an enlightened republic free discussion eventually results in enlarged views, and a final triumph of right principles.

A Portland paper remarks—and the suggestion is worth the attention of other cities—"The authorities ought to establish water fountains at various points about the city to meet the wants of the thirsty. People must have something to drink. It is never wise to cut off a popular and vicious indulgence without giving an innocent and healthful pleasure in its stead."

In a little town away "down East," efforts were once made to have a couple of *town pumps* for the convenience of the people. The matter was brought up at a town-meeting, but was voted down because the treasury was rather low. Whereupon an orator made the following effective speech: "There's Mr. Jones, he's gin up selling milk; you've just voted that we *can't* have any water, and the Legislature says we *sha'n't* have any liquor! We've got about two inches of snow on the ground; but when that's gone we shall be in a fix! *Then* what are we going to drink?"

Perhaps people might take to nature's pure beverage if they had a good chance to get it. It has been stated that during the summer a "jar of iced water near the door of every liquor shop will do more to diminish the rum-seller's custom than a policeman on guard." Numerous water fountains have recently been established in London, and have had a marked effect upon the beer shops. One dealer threatened legal proceedings against the authorities for allowing a drinking fountain to be opened near his house, alleging that it had diminished his returns more than twenty-five per cent.

The Parisian journals announce that an awful discovery has just been made with regard to the wholesale destruction of the feathered tribe in France. It seems that the "gigantic pyramids" of little birds which are so noticeable in French markets are killed by poison! It is asserted that tremendous quantities of *nux vomica* are sold for the purpose. The drug is boiled with grain and spread over the fields at every period of the year. This information has created not a little alarm among epicures.

It is not long since there was an extensive poisoning by lead, in Middleton, N. Y. Great numbers of people being attacked by a virulent disease, which exhibited positive indications of lead poisoning, it was found, after much investigation, that the lead was conveyed into the stomachs of the sufferers by bread and meal, manufactured at a mill in the vicinity. It appeared that some of the mill-stones were old, and cavities in them had been filled with common lead instead of the usual cement. Of course the attrition detached particles of lead from the stone and mingled them almost imperceptibly with the flour. The lead, when fermented and subjected to the baking process, was immediately transformed into carbonate of lead, the deadliest of all lead poisons. Bread of this kind was but little better than if spread with white lead as a substitute for butter. Many died from its effects, while happily many were saved by having taken the lead in such large quantities as to produce counter action. But scores were deprived of health and strength. People who prepare and deal in articles of food should have sufficient knowledge to prevent such reprehensible carelessness as endangers the lives of multitudes.

Strawberries have been very abundant notwithstanding the unusually cool season; and "Ice Cream and Strawberry Festivals" have been very fashionable, as they generally are in June. These festivals are in many cases given for the pleasure or benefit of Sabbath-schools; and the little folks enjoy them vastly, to say nothing of the "children of larger growth," who are so busy selling the good things for the purpose, perchance, of replenishing the Sunday-school Library. And speaking of selling good things reminds us of an anecdote, which contains a suggestion that any charitable lady is at liberty to follow—if *she pleases!*

"A nobleman recently went to the sale of fancy articles lately held at the Ministry of War, Paris, for the benefit of the poor. He first asked the lady at the stall what was the price of a beautiful cigar-case. 'Two hundred francs,' was the reply. ''Tis nothing; I'll take it,' said the lord. 'And this jewel-case?' 'Eight hundred francs.' 'Nothing,' again said the lord, handing a note of 1000 francs. 'Do you wish for any thing else?' said the lady. 'Ah!' replied he, 'what I wish for is not to be compared with any of these articles, but fix a price.' 'What do you wish?' 'To kiss your fair hand.' The lady blushed, reflected, and replied, 'Three thousand francs.' The lord gracefully kissed the proffered hand, given with some hesitation—but what will not charitable ladies do for the poor? 'I want something else,' said the lord; 'a lock of your hair.' 'That will be six thousand francs.' 'That is nothing,' again said the lord, on receiving the lock of hair which the lady cut off for him. 'Six and three are nine,' said the noble lord, and, handing 9000 francs to the lady, his lordship departed pleased with his bargains."

There is a good moral to be deduced from a short poem which we find in an exchange. It is from the pen of William D. Morange:

### THE TWO DESTROYERS.

Once on a time a pious Moslem, saying
His morning worship in their style of praying,
Just as the early sun had lit the skies,
Beheld a phantom through the mist arise—
A phantom hideous as the dream of death.
"What art thou?" said the saint, with timid breath.
"I am the Plague?"
"And whither tends thy race?"
"To slay ten thousand men in yonder place."
"Go not, I pray thee, if such prayer may be."
"In vain I am besought. 'Tis destiny!"
"Go, then, if Allah urge thy path of gloom,
Let the ten thousand know their sudden doom;
But in the prophet's name I do implore,
When thou hast slain ten thousand, slay no more!"
"To hear is to obey!"
The vision passed,
And o'er a multitude its shadow cast.
After the plague was over, at the place
And hour in which it first unveiled its face,
Again the horrid phantom marched—and now
Out spoke the holy man: "Whence comest thou?"
"From yonder place."
"How many hast thou slain?"
"Victims of mine, ten thousand strew the plain!"
"Thou liest! there are twenty thousand dead!"
"'Tis true," with feverish lips the phantom said,
"Full twenty thousand have death's power confest.
I smote ten thousand, *fear* struck down the rest."

A singular account is given in a recent Mobile paper of a youthful prisoner, about 18 years of age, confined in the city jail, but who could not be kept ironed. Six different times his limbs were placed in irons, the strongest and most intricate, but all to no purpose. Then the officer manacled him by drawing his wrists together behind his back, after which he put on a tight-fitting pair of patent handcuffs. He then drew his arms close behind him and put on a pair of cuffs attached by a short chain, above his elbows. A chain was then attached to the cuffs at the wrist, which extended down to the shackles which were closely fitted and locked on his ankles. The officer then jocosely remarked to him: "Now, Boone, if you wiggle yourself out of that dress I will guarantee that the sheriff here will give you the freedom of your cell, and so long as you behave yourself you will never again be ironed in this jail." The young man declared it was a bargain, and in less than three minutes after he was left alone he stood without an iron upon him—the deed evidently being accomplished by sleight of hand. It is said that he is a native of New York city, and has graduated from the Tombs.

The London *Queen* speaks with a mixture of earnestness and sarcasm against the practice of bleaching the hair, which so many brunettes, paying reckless homage to fashion, are miserably practicing. It says: "The practice is simply ruinous; one that, if followed again and again, will change once silken tresses of brown or black into something, for color, like a singed cat's back; for texture not unlike a convict's task of picked and unraveled oakum. At any rate, brunettes should be consistent. Having bleached their tresses, they should go into a chlorine bath and bleach their skins to match. The operation would be painful, but fashion does not heed pain. The result even is doubtful; but the experiment might be worth trying. We have seen a portion of a dead negro's skin bleached white; wherefore there would seem to be hope of success to a live brunette." The *Spectator* announces that there is now sold in Paris a dye which instantly changes white or flaxen hair into the most glorious gold, which is nearly instantaneous, and never fails, or can fail. It is called orpiment, is the golden sulphuret of arsenic, and has only one trifling drawback, which those who want it probably will not mind. *It kills*, just as inevitably and as swiftly as doses of arsenic would.

A very coquettish-looking vehicle is now the fashion in the Bois de Boulogne. It is hung on the finest springs, and is like the car of a water-nymph—a theatrical one. There is but room for the fair driver and her petticoat, and she fills it as completely as an oyster does its shell. There are no hangers-on, either tiger behind or lion at the side; and on account of its peculiarities it is called the Exclusive by the ladies, and the *Egoiste* by the gentlemen.

They rather out-do us in England in regard to matrimonial advertisements, judging from the following, which present the matter with unique frankness to all desiring wives:

Ada Emily Jenny, just nineteen, fair, blue eyes, and handsome, would like to be married as early as possible.

Rosebud, who is seventeen and pretty, having rich golden hair, wishes to marry a tall young man, about twenty-four years of age.

Violet wants to be married to a tall man. She is tall, and very good-looking.

Lalla Rookh would dearly like to be married. She moves in first-class society, and has £500 a year. She is eighteen, tall, and strikingly handsome.

Some of the applicants put the matter rather upon the ground of duty and destiny:

Mary G., who has good looks, but does not wish to speak of them, wants to be married. She has read her Bible, and knows that marriage is the destiny and honor of woman. She is twenty-three.

Catherine E. B., who has dark brown hair, and soft brown eyes, with pretty features and nice figure, wishes to fulfill her woman's mission, and marry. She will have money.

Victor Hugo's home is situated in the most lovely spot that ever landscape painter dreamed of. Placed upon a height, it overlooks the city, the fort, and that immense horizon of the sea where nothing seems to trammel the flight of even genius itself. The house is celebrated in Guernsey, where it excites lively curiosity. Wonders are related of it, enhanced by the mystery overhanging a threshold till now never crossed by the Guernsey world; it is said to contain furniture worthy of an enchanter's palace. The apartments and galleries have been entirely constructed from designs by Victor Hugo; he passed three years in drawing them. The rarest curiosities adorn the interior; for Victor Hugo, who loves to live in the past, has a mania for antique furniture.

Hairdressers in general, and ladies in particular, will be delighted at the good news which comes from a country situated between Honduras and Nicaragua. It is stated that there is a territory inhabited by the Mosquitoes—not the flies, but human beings—who have just been discovered. The ladies and gentlemen of the tribe are very small, but their hair would rejoice the heart of a Truefitt, being excessively long and excessively beautiful, parting in the middle in the style called Tom Noddy, and descending on each side for two yards or more according to imagination. The color is even varied, and is some of it a light yellow, showing how nature adapts itself to fashion at the right moment. The officers of the frigate *Themis*, cruising on that coast, who have had the honor of discovering these sons and heirs of the Mosquito land, have sent home a large supply as locks of hair to their lady-loves—and to the merchants; and a joint-stock company (limited) will, perhaps, be immediately formed, for the shaving of the heads and collection of this useful and necessary article of commerce. The company will be called the "Chignon."

The last new thing in vegetables is really quite a startling wonder. The plant comes from Java, but we are told that it has been fairly tried in the open ground in England and succeeds perfectly well. Think of a radish, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with seed-pods about three feet long, and sometimes growing five or six inches in four-and-twenty hours. We can think of nothing like it except Jack's immortal bean-stalk, which authentically-described plant is nevertheless not spoken of as good to eat, whereas this radish is said to be as palatable as it is monstrous. The pods are its edible portion, and when half grown you may pickle them or eat them as a component part in a salad. When they are full grown you may boil them, and they taste like a combination of asparagus and green pease.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WANTED, for ——burgh, at the Term, Plain Cook; to wash, dress, and milk a cow. Good character indispensable.—Apply at 66 —— Street.

The paper from which we extract is Scotch, and not Irish, or we should have attributed to a bull the cow that wanted washing and dressing as well as milking.

LATEST REMEDY FOR BALDNESS.—Use brandy externally until the hair grows, and take it internally to clench the roots.

### THE GIFT.

TO A FRIEND AT A PINCH.

Ah! cruel was your gift, false friend,
It filled mine eyes with tears,
With pangs did this poor bosom rend,
And made me aim for sneers.

Cause of my sufferings and my woes,
Begone!—I've had enough;
You laughed to hear how loud I snoze;
'Twas you who gave the snuff!

HARD LINES ON INDIVIDUALS.—The compulsory purchase of land by a railway company is insult added to injury. The buyers take a site in the seller's face.

What is the difference between a tunnel and a speaking-trumpet?—One is hollowed out and the other is hollowed in.

THE NEEDLE-WOMAN'S EXCLAMATION.—Ahem!

Why should the British Government strive to abolish the use of the shillalah in Ireland?—Because it militates against the *security of the crown*.

### WRITTEN AFTER GOING TO LAW.

The law, they say, great Nature's chain connects,
That causes ever must produce effects;
In me behold reversed great Nature's laws—
All my effects lost by a single cause.

A Conundrum Society awarded their annual gold medal to the author of the following specimen of harmless insanity: Why is a man cutting grass like Othello?—Because he is a *mower* (Moor).

THE PRESENT POSITION OF EUROPE.

In a Stock report we read, a few nights since, "Governments are a fraction better." Which governments?

Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

O'Leary, gazing with astonishment upon an elephant in a menagerie, asked the keeper "What kind of a baste is that atin' hay with his tail?"

What commodity is always afforded at cost?—The law.

Shakspeare says that "use strengthens habit." Somebody states that he tried the experiment on a coat, but it did not answer at all.

What things increase the more you contract them?—Debts.

A nosegay is easily obtained. Four brandy toddies a day for a couple of months will put you in the way of one that will astonish all your friends.

If you can't coax a fish to bite, try your persuasive powers upon a cross dog, and you will be sure to succeed.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM THE CHARACTER.—Get rich.

An auctioneer was selling a library at auction. He was not very well read in books, but he scanned the titles, trusted to luck, and went ahead. "Here you have," he said, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; how much'm I offered for it? How much do I hear for the Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan? 'Tis a first-rate book, gentlemen, with six superior illustrations; how much do I hear? All about the Pilgrims, by John Bunyan! Tells where they come from, an' where they landed, an' what they done after they landed! Here's a picter of one of 'em *goin' about Plymouth, peddlin' with a pack on his back!*"

MOTTO FOR A SERVANTS' HALL.—"They also serve who only stand and wait."—*Milton.*

### REFRESHMENTS.

The best drink for a prize-fighter may be a "claret smash," although the Scotch ale would probably bring him to "the scratch" sooner. Speaking of prize-fighters, would it be inappropriate to designate a blow from an intoxicated pugilist "a rum punch?"

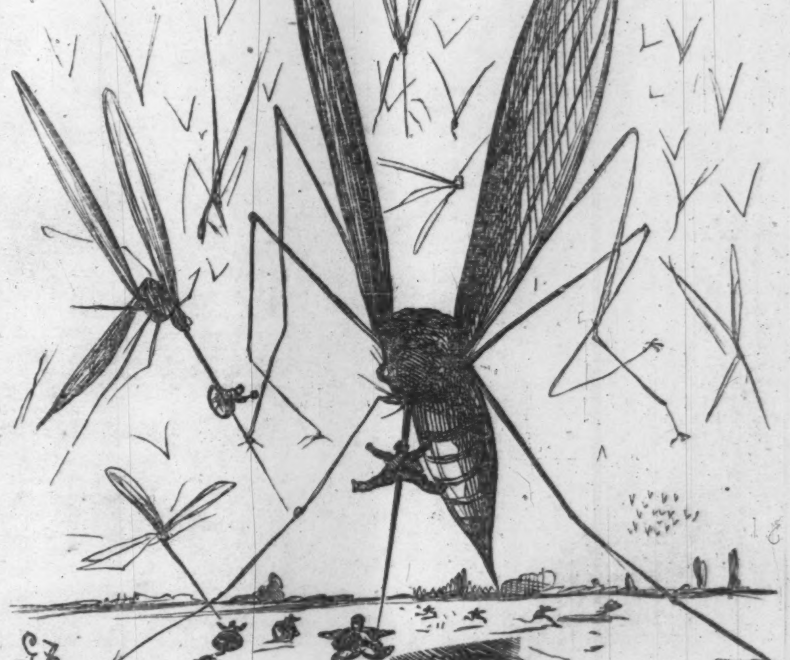
The following list of refreshments includes many *individual* drinks not found on the wine lists of the popular hotels—

For bankers—current wine.
For stockholders—share-y wine.
For shipmasters—the old port.
For mining operators—mineral water.
For octogenarians—elder wine.
For seamstresses—so-da water.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.—It is stated that the new island which has appeared off the coast of Greece has been named George, after the young king. *Absit omen!* We trust that the island, which was thrust up unexpectedly by a popular eruption, somewhat in the same way that His Majesty was placed on the throne of Athens, will not set him the example of disappearing again, as these volcanic islands sometimes do, the subsidence arising from a drop of the crater. And there are a good many ardent spirits in Greece quite ripe for a disturbance.

A grim, hard-headed old judge, after hearing a flowery discourse from a pretentious young barrister, advised him to pluck out some of the feathers from the wings of his imagination and put them into the tail of his judgment.

If you would enjoy your meals be good-natured. An angry man can not tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrellas.



THE MOSQUITO.

A Plate from an Illustrated Work suppressed by the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, entitled "*The Insects of New Jersey.*"

"SPRING."—[From a Drawing by A. Hunt.]

THE CONTRAST OF SUFFERING. ANDERSONVILLE & FORTRESS MONROE.

TREASON MUST BE MADE ODIOUS.

## DREAM-HAUNTED.

I HAD taken a lease of Gledhills of my friend Mr. Lomond. The latter, before he would consider the business settled, insisted upon my sleeping one night at Gledhills. "Dobson and his wife, who have charge of the house, will find you a tolerable dinner, and make you up a comfortable bed. I will walk over in the morning at ten and see you; and then, if you are still in the same mind that you are in now, I will have the agreement drawn up at once, and you can enter upon your occupancy the following day."

The autumn day was drawing to a close when I found myself walking up the avenue toward the old mansion at Gledhills. An old man answered my summons at the door. He bowed respectfully at sight of me, and informed me that Mr. Lomond had sent word that I was about to dine and sleep at Gledhills, and that every thing was prepared for my reception. As I crossed the threshold the great door closed behind me with a dull, heavy crash, that vibrated through every corner of the house, and awoke a foreboding echo in my heart. Preceded by my ancient guide, whom age and rheumatism had bent almost double, I crossed the desolate-looking entrance-hall, passed up the grand staircase, and so through a pair of folding-doors into the drawing-room, beyond which was a suit of smaller rooms, of which two had now been set apart for my service. How chill and cheerless every thing looked in the cold light of the dying day! Now that the glamour of sunshine rested no longer on the place, my fancy refused to invest any of those bare, desolate rooms with the pleasant attributes of home; and already, in my secret mind, I half repented my facile eagerness in being so willing to accept, without further experience, this worm-eaten old mansion, tenanted, doubtless, by the ghosts of a hundred dead-and-gone folks, as a shelter for my household gods, a home for all that I held dear on earth.

The two rooms set aside for me I found to be comfortably furnished, in a neat but inexpensive style; but when I understood from the old man that ever since the death of the last tenant, three years before, they had been furnished and set aside, ready for the reception of any chance visitors, like myself, who, either by their own wish or that of Mr. Lomond, might decide to pass a night at Gledhills, and that three or four would-be occupants before me had so slept there a night each, and had gone on their several ways next morning, never to be seen under that roof again, I began to think that there might perhaps be something more in Mr. Lomond's stipulation than was visible on the surface.

Having dined, and done ample justice to Mr. Lomond's claret, and being possessed in some measure by the demon of unrest, I took my cigar and strolled along the corridor, and so came presently into the great empty drawing-room, in which the moonbeams were now playing a ghostly game of hide-and-seek. It was uncarpeted and destitute of furniture, and its oaken floor creaked and groaned beneath my tread, as though it were burdened with some dreadful secret which it would fain reveal, but could not. Outside each of the three long, narrow windows with which the room was lighted was a small balcony, below which stretched a velvety expanse of lawn, set here and there with a gay basket of flowers, the whole being shut in by a clump of sombre firs. I have said that the room was destitute of furniture, but I found after a time that it still contained one relic of its more prosperous days, in the shape of a family portrait, which still hung over the mantle-piece, as it had hung for half a century or more. When I became aware of this fact I fetched one of the candles out of my sitting-room, in order that I might examine the picture more closely. It was a full-length portrait of a man in the military costume that was in vogue toward the end of last century. The face was very handsome, with a proud, resolute beauty of its own, that would have been very attractive but for a vague, repellent something—a hint of something tiger-like and cruel lurking under the surface of that artificial smile, which the artist had caught with rare fidelity, and had fixed on the canvas forever. It must have been something in the better traits of the countenance that taught me to see a likeness to Mr. Lomond; and I could only conclude that the portrait before me was that of some notable ancestor of the present master of Gledhills.

The fatigues of the day and the solitude to which I was condemned drove me to bed at an early hour; but there was something about the novelty of my position that precluded sleep for a long time after I had put out my light, and I remember hearing some clock strike twelve while I was still desperately wide awake, but that is the last thing I do remember, and I suppose that I must have slid off to sleep a few minutes later, while still in the act of asseverating to myself that to sleep there was for me an impossibility. Whether I had slept for hours or for minutes only, when I woke up in the weird land of dreams, is a point on which I can offer no opinion. I awoke to that consciousness which is possessed by dreamers, and which, in many cases, is quite as vivid as the consciousness of real life; but throughout the strange, wild drama that followed I was without any individuality of my own; I had all the consciousness of a spectator without the responsibility of one. I was nothing; I had no existence in my own dream; I was merely the witness of certain imaginary occurrences, which took place without any reference to me, and which I was powerless to prevent or influence in the slightest degree.

Before me was the drawing-room at Gledhills—I recognized it at once by the portrait of the soldier over the fire-place. The walls, painted of a delicate sea-green, were hung with numerous pictures and engravings in rich frames. A thick Aubusson carpet covered the floor, and in the huge fire-place a wood fire, that had nearly burned itself down to ashes, was slowly expiring. The furniture was chintz-covered, and curtains of chintz draped the three high narrow windows. Standing in one corner, between the quaintly-carved legs of a mahogany chiffonier, was a tall Mandarin jar, with an open-work lid, from which was exhaled a faint indescribable perfume, as of the bruised sweetness of a hundred flowers; in the opposite corner stood a harp; books richly bound were scattered about the room, which was lighted by a number of wax-candles fixed in lustres over the mantle-piece.

Seated at a little fancy-table was a girl, eighteen or twenty years old, making-believe to be busy with her embroidery, but with a mind evidently preoccupied by some more important subject. She had on a short-waisted white dress, after the fashion of those days, from which her long narrow skirts fell away in sedate folds, utterly guiltless of all modern modes of extension of circumference. Her face was beautiful, and she had the air of a person quite conscious of that fact; but underlying this charm of regular features there was something resolute and proud, that carried the mind back, as by an instinct, to the portrait over the fire-place. She had loosened the thick masses of her chestnut hair, and they now fell low down over her shoulders, confined only by a narrow band of blue velvet. Round her neck was a thin chain of gold, from which hung a locket, which she drew every now and then from the bosom of her dress, and pressed with feverish eagerness to her lips. The same impatience was visible in the way in which she would put a few quick stitches into her embroidery, and then pause, with the needle in her fingers, to listen intently, and so lapse into a dreamy, absent mood, out of which she would wake up in a minute or two with a start, and begin to ply her needle again as restlessly as before.

That something for which she was so impatiently waiting came at last—a low, clear, peculiar whistle, heard by me so distinctly through the midst of my dream, and remembered so well when I awoke that I could afterward reproduce it exactly. The young lady started to her feet the moment the signal fell on her ear. Her eyes flashed with a newer radiance; her soft lips pouted into a smile; while from her bosom upward a lovely flush spread swiftly, as though Eros had touched her that instant with his torch, and already the celestial flame were coursing through her veins. A brief minute she stood thus, like a lovely statue of Expectancy; then she hurried to one of the windows, and drawing aside the long chintz curtain, she placed a lighted candle close to the window as an answering signal. Then, having withdrawn the candle and replaced the curtain, so that the window from the outside would seem quite dark again, she left the room, to return presently with a ladder of thin rope, to which were affixed two hooks of steel. Her next proceeding was to lock the three doors which opened into the drawing-room, and having thus secured herself from intrusion, she passed out of sight behind one of the curtains; and then I heard the faint sound of a window being cautiously lifted, and I knew, as well as though the whole scene was visible to me, that she was fixing the rope-ladder to the balcony by means of its hooks, and that presently her lover would be with her.

And so it fell out. A little while, and the curtain was lifted; the lady came back into the room; and following close upon her steps came a tall stranger, dark and handsome, like a true hero of romance.

"My darling Lenore!"

"My dearest Varrel!"

He took her in his arms, and stooped, and kissed her fondly; and then he drew her to the light, and gazed down into her eyes, in which nothing but love for him was then visible, and then he stooped again and kissed her not less tenderly than before. His roquelaure and hat had fallen to the ground, and he now stood revealed a man of fashion of the period. As before stated, he was eminently good-looking, with languishing black eyes, and a pensive smile such as one usually endows Romeo with in imagination. He wore his hair without parting of any kind, in a profusion of short, black, glossy curls, in which there was no trace of the elaboration of art, and he was clean-shaven, except for a short whisker that terminated half-way down his cheek. He wore a blue coat with gilt buttons, swallow-tailed, short in the waist, and high-collared. His waistcoat was bright-yellow as to color, crossed with a small black stripe; a huge seal depended from the fob of his black small-clothes; and the Hessian boots in which his lower extremities were encased were polished to a marvelous degree of brilliancy. His cravat, white and unstarched, and tied with a large bow, was made of fine, soft muslin; and the frilled bosom of his shirt had been carefully crimped by conscientious feminine fingers. In this frill he wore a small cluster of brilliants; while a large signet-ring, a genuine antique, decorated the first finger of his right hand.

Such was the appearance of Sir Derwent Varrel; and absurd as a costume like his would now seem on the classic flags of Bond Street or St. James's, it yet became the baronet admirably, while he in return lent it a grace and distinction which made it seem the only attire proper for a gentleman.

"Why did you not come last night?" said Lenore. "Hour after hour I waited for you in vain."

"'Twas not my fault, dearest, that I did not; of that rest well assured," answered Varrel. "Business that brooked not delay kept me from your side. I was hugely chagrined."

"That weary, weary business!" sighed Lenore. "'Tis ever men's excuse. But now that you are here, I will not be melancholy. Ah, that I could be forever by your side!"

She nestled her head shyly on his bosom. He stroked her chestnut hair softly with his white hand, and looked down on her with a crafty and sinister smile—such a smile as might light up the face of a fowler when he sees the fluttering innocent which he has been doing his best to entice begin to turn longingly toward the snare.

"Little simpleton!" he replied, pulling her ear. "You speak as if what you long for were impossible of attainment; whereas one word from you would make it a blissful certainty, and render two loving hearts happy forever."

"I can not, Varrel—I can not say that word. Ah, why does my father dislike you so much?"

"My faith! how should I know? But dislike is not the word, little one. You should ask, why does he hate me so intensely? There are those who gladly calumniate me, and for such he has ever a ready ear; for I am unfortunate enough to have many enemies, and doubtless twice as many faults."

"No, no, I will not hear such language," exclaimed Lenore. "In time my father will relent, and then—"

"Never, girl!" said Varrel, fiercely. "Colonel Lomond is not made of melting stuff. His hatred of me he will carry with him to the grave. Never look for change in him. Sweet one," he added, changing his tone in a moment to one of low-breathing, imploring tenderness—"sweet one, as I have told thee before, both thy fate and mine are dependent on a single word from those rosy lips. Be mine, in spite of every one! I am rich and can supply thy every want. We will go abroad; and in some lovely Italian valley, or fair isle of the eastern seas, we will forget our by-gone troubles, and watch the happy days glide softly past, while rounding our lives to that perfect love which alone can bring back Eden to this weary earth. Oh, Lenore, dearest and best-loved, flee with me at once and forever!"

She was standing by the little table, smiling, trembling, and yet with tears half starting from her lids, while he, kneeling on one knee, was covering her hand with passionate kisses.

"Oh, Varrel, you try me almost beyond my strength!" she murmured. "But I can not, I dare not do as you wish. You know not my father as well as I do. He would seek me out and kill me—and you too, and you too, Derwent! wherever we might be. His vengeance would be terrible and pitiless."

"Timid little puss!" he said, half scornfully, as he rose and encircled her waist with his arm. "Am I not competent to protect thee against the world? Fear nothing. For this house of bondage, for this stagnation of heart and soul, I will give thee life and light and love. Thou shalt exchange this—"

"Hush!" exclaimed Lenore, suddenly, with a smothered shriek. "I hear my father's footfall on the stairs. To the window, Varrel, or you are lost!"

One hasty kiss, and then Varrel dashed aside the chintz curtain, and sprang to the window, only to fall back next moment into the room like a man stricken in the dark. "A thousand devils! I have been betrayed!" he exclaimed. "The rope-ladder is gone, and I see the figures of men moving about the lawn. Lenore, you must hide me!"

"Too late—too late!" she sobbed.

They both stood for a moment as though changed to stone, while the footsteps came with a heavy tramp along the echoing corridor, and halted outside the door. The eyes of Lenore and Varrel turned instinctively to the door-handle, and they saw it move as it was tried from the other side, but the door was still locked.

"Open, Lenore—it is I!" said a stern voice from without; and the summons was emphasized by a heavy blow on the panel of the door.

"Oh, Varrel, I dare not disobey!" said Lenore, in an agonized whisper. "Hide yourself behind the curtains; perhaps he may not know of your presence here; and when he shall have gone to his own room we must plan your escape. Hush! not a word. Hide! hide!"

"Why this foolery of locked doors?" said he who now came in. "Am I to be barred out of my own rooms by a child like you?"

"The night was so dark, and—and I felt so lonely, and—and—"

"And—and you did not expect your father back so soon?" he said, mimicking her tone with a sneer. "Is it not so, you white-faced jade?"

"Indeed, papa, I—" pleaded the trembling Lenore.

"Don't prevaricate, girl!" he said, with a savage stamp of the foot. "Come, now, you will tell me next that you have had no visitors—eh?"

"Indeed, no, papa," said Lenore, with painful eagerness.

"Been quite alone ever since I left home this afternoon?"

"Quite alone, papa."

A faint dash of color was coming back into her cheeks by this time; she began, perhaps, to hope that after all this questioning his suspicions would be allayed, and he would go to his own room. If such were the case his next words must have undeceived her terribly.

"You lie, girl—you lie!" he said, in a voice whose sternness was not without a tremble in it; and as he spoke he touched Varrel's hat contemptuously with his foot, which up to that moment had lain unheeded on the floor. Oh, that child of mine should ever live to deceive me thus!" His clasped hands and upturned face seemed to appeal to Heaven against the falsehood that had just been told him; but next instant the look of anguish died from off his face, and his features settled back into more than their former harshness as he strode across the floor and flung back the curtain, behind whose folds Varrel was concealed. "Behold the proof!" he cried. "Behold the damning proof! Oh, Lenore!"

For a moment the two men stood eying each other in silence. Lenore, with a pitiful cry, fell at her father's feet, but he heeded her no more than if she had been a stone.

In the father of Lenore I beheld the original of the picture over the drawing-room mantle-piece; only he seemed older and more grizzled, and his features more deeply marked with the carving of Time's chisel than in his portrait. He had on a sort of military undress suit, with a pair of heavy riding-boots and spurs, and a short heavy whip in his hand.

"This, Sir Derwent Varrel, is an unexpected honor," said Colonel Lomond, in a tone of unconcealed irony, as he made the baronet a sweeping and ceremonious bow. "Pray—pray let me beg of you to emerge from an obscurity so uncongenial to one of your enterprising disposition. That is better, Lenore, child; let us have a little more light on the scene—it is a pleasure to look on the face of an honest man—and we may, perchance, need it all before we have done. More light, girl, do you hear! And now, perhaps, Sir Derwent Varrel will favor us with some explanation—any, the most simple, will, of course, do for me—of how he came to be hidden, like a common thief, behind the curtains of my drawing-room."

Varrel's pale olive cheek flushed deeply at this little speech, and a dangerous light began to glitter in his eyes as he stepped out of his hiding-place, and advanced into the room.

"Colonel Lomond shall have an explanation as simple as he desires," he said. Then he stopped to refresh his nerves with a pinch of snuff.

"You are aware, Sir," he resumed, "that I love your daughter; that several months ago I would fain have made her my wife; and that your consent alone was wanting to such a union."

"Precisely so," said Colonel Lomond in the iciest of tones, as he balanced the handle of his riding-whip between his thumb and finger.

"You might prevent our marriage, Sir, but you could not keep us from loving one another," said Sir Derwent, proudly.

"In other words, my daughter had still sufficient respect left for me to refuse to wed you without my consent; but you had not sufficient respect for her to refrain from using your influence over her weak girl's will to induce her to deceive her father, and to consent to nocturnal assignations with a libertine like yourself. Love! The word is sullied in coming from such lips as yours. You and I, Sir Derwent Varrel, had high words together six months ago, and I told you then that I would rather see my daughter lying in her coffin than wedded to such a one as you; and those words I repeat again to-night. Come hither, girl," he added, seizing Lenore roughly by the wrist, "come hither, and choose at once and forever between me and this man, who has taught thee to lie to thy father. What do I say? Nay, there can be no choice between such as this man and me. I tell thee, girl, that thy ignorance can not fathom the depths of such iniquity as his. A gambler so deeply tainted that in no society of gentlemen is he allowed to play; a libertine so vile, that to couple a woman's name with his is a passport to dishonor; a sharper and blackleg, who has been twice hooted off the Newmarket course; a bankrupt so desperately involved that only by a wealthy marriage—with such a one, for example, as the heiress of Gledhills—can he hope even partially to retrieve his fortunes. Bah! what can thy country-bred ignorance know of these things?"

"Hard words, Colonel Lomond, very hard words," said Sir Derwent, disdainfully; "but, I am happy to think, utterly incapable of proof."

"Hard words! ay, hard enough to have moved an innocent man to righteous anger, but not, as it seems, to flutter thy slow-beating pulses ever so faintly; and that because thou knowest them to be true. Proof! Here's one out of a dozen. Who lured sweet Mary Doris from her home in yonder valley, and hid her away in London past the finding of her friends? Who held the simple village beauty lightly for a month or two, and then discarded her to starve or die as she might think best? Who but you, Sir Derwent Varrel, unless this letter also lies—a letter signed with your name, and found in the poor child's pocket when she lay with white staring face and dripping hair in the dead-house by the river. And now it is my daughter thou seekest to entrap!"

As Colonel Lomond drew from his pocket the letter of which he had been speaking, Lenore, with a low cry of anguish, sank fainting to the floor; and the horror-stricken Varrel reeled backward like one suddenly stabbed.

"Reptile! it is time the score between us were settled," said Colonel Lomond, with a venomous ferocity of tone. "Only one of us two must leave this room alive."

"I can not—I dare not fight with you," murmured Varrel.

"Oh ho! do not think to escape me thus. You refuse to fight. Then take the punishment of cowards." And with that the heavy thong of Colonel Lomond's riding-whip whistled through the air, and came down on Varrel's neck and shoulders twice, twisting round his face on the second occasion, and leaving a thin livid wheal across his cheek where it had cut into the flesh. Varrel's first impulse was to shrink backward with a mingled cry of rage and pain; but the next instant he closed with the Colonel, and wresting the whip from his hands, flung it to the other end of the room.

"Give me a sword—a pistol—a weapon of any kind!" he cried, hoarsely. "This vile treatment absolves me from all consequences. Colonel Lomond, your blood be upon your own head!"

The Colonel smiled sweetly on him. "Well spoken," he said, "only that you express yourself somewhat after the Furioso fashion. Your cry to arms is worthy of all praise, and I hasten to comply with it. In this cabinet, Sir, are a couple of as pretty playthings as ever gladdened the eyes of a gentleman. *Voilà!* they are both alike in every particular. The choice is yours."

Varrel's fingers closed over the hilt of one of the rapiers thus presented to him; and while he tried its edge and temper, by running his finger and thumb appreciatively along its length, and by bending its point back nearly to the hilt, Colonel Lomond disembarrassed himself of the cumbrous over-coat in which he was enveloped; and next minute the two men fronted each other.

"Gardez-vous, Monsieur!" cried Colonel Lomond as he made the first pass.

It was thoroughly understood by both of them that they were fighting for dear life—that neither of them must look for mercy from the other. Both of them were excellent swordsmen, but Sir Derwent had the advantages of youth and agility on his side, and he pressed the Colonel hardly, who, while keeping up his defense warily, yet felt himself compelled to retreat step by step before the desperate lunges of his antagonist.

The clash of the swords seemed to rouse Lenore from the stupor into which she had fallen. With her hands pressed to her temples, and with glaring eyeballs, that followed every movement of the com-

batants, she staggered to her feet. Her lips moved, but no sound came from them. Perhaps she was asking herself whether it were not all a hideous nightmare, which the first breath of reality would dissipate forever. With the same mingled look of horror and unbelief on her face she watched the two men coming slowly down the room again, for Colonel Lomond was still slightly overborne by his more youthful antagonist. The rapiers clashed together; bright sparks flew from their polished blue-black surface, as they struck each other, and bent and quivered like things of life in the grasp of the sinewy hands that held them.

The combatants were just opposite the spot where the half-demented Lenore was standing like one incapable of motion, when suddenly, at a movement in tierce, the point of Colonel Lomond's rapier snapped off; an advantage which Varrel instantly followed up with a dextrous stroke, which sent the Colonel's broken weapon flying across the room. Lenore, with the quick instinct of love, divined her father's danger; and the same moment that the rapier was twisted out of his hand she sprang forward with a wild inarticulate cry to shield him with her body from what she knew must follow, and the sword of Varrel, aimed at her father's heart with all the strength which hate and the desire of vengeance could lend to such a thrust, passed instead through the body of the hapless girl. Her father's arms caught her as she was falling. "Papa—kiss—forgive," she murmured in his ear; then a stream of blood burst from her lips, she shuddered slightly, and was dead.

Colonel Lomond pressed his quivering lips tenderly on her forehead; then lifting her in his arms, he carried her to a couch. "Lie there for a little while, sweet, foolish darling," he said. "Perhaps I may join thee on thy journey before long."

Varrel, who was like a man half-crazed, would have rung for help, but Colonel Lomond, by a gesture, forbade him to do so. "You and I, Sir," said the Colonel, "have still our little business to arrange."

"Great Heaven! what would you more?" exclaimed Sir Derwent.

"Revenge my daughter's death!" said Lomond.

"Her death was a pure accident."

"Granted. She died to save my life, and that life I now devote to avenging her memory. What I said before I say again—only one of us two shall quit this room alive. Here are two pistols: one of them is loaded, the other is unloaded. Choose one of them. In three minutes that clock on the chimney-piece will strike the hour. At the first stroke we will fire across this table; and may Heaven have mercy on the soul of one of us!"

"It would be murder!" said Varrel, in a low voice, while a cold sweat broke out on his ashen face.

"Call it by what name you will," said Lomond; "but as I have said, so it shall be. Dare to refuse, and by the great Fiend of Darkness, whose true son you are, I will thrash you with yonder whip within an inch of your life, and send you forth into the world branded forever as a coward and a rogue!"

Sir Derwent wiped the perspiration off his forehead with his lace-bordered handkerchief, and his dry lips moved in faint protest. His courage was beginning to waver. The slow, patient ferocity of his enemy was not without its effect upon him.

"Choose!" said Colonel Lomond, as he laid a brace of pistols on the table. Varrel hesitated for an instant which to pick, and Lomond smiled, grimly. No fresh arrangement of position was necessary, they being already on opposite sides of the table, on which poor Lenore's embroidery was still lying, as she had cast it aside in the first flutter of hearing her lover's signal.

"Colonel Lomond, I must make a last protest against this bloody business," said Varrel.

Again the Colonel smiled. "In ten seconds," he said, "the clock will strike. Be ready."

There was a great contrast between the two men as they stood thus, fronting what for one of them must be inevitable death. Colonel Lomond's bronzed cheek looked even darker than usual, and his eyes seemed to burn with intense hate as he stood gazing at his antagonist from under his lowering brows; but his extended arm was firm as a bar of steel. Varrel was evidently nervous. His lips had faded to a dull bluish white; he pressed one hand to his chest occasionally, as if to still the throbbing heart beneath; while the other, which held the pistol, trembled slightly in spite of him.

Four seconds—three seconds—two seconds. The deathly brooding stillness that pervaded the room was something awful. One second. The silvery bell of the little French clock had not completed its first stroke before the two triggers were pulled. A flash, a report, and a gush of smoke from one of the weapons, and Sir Derwent Varrel, shot through the heart, fell back dead.

"So perishes a thorough scoundrel!" said Colonel Lomond as he gazed into the face of his dead enemy.

Suddenly a door opened, and showed a very old lady, with white hair, and clad in a white dressing-robe, standing in the entrance. From the movements of her hands you understood at once that she was blind, or nearly so.

"Henry! Henry! where are you?" she cried. "Some one fired a pistol just now. Oh, tell me that you are not hurt!" and she advanced a step or two into the room.

A spasm of anguish passed over the face of Colonel Lomond. "I am here and well, mother," he said. "Pray, return to your own room. I am sorry to have disturbed you."

"And Lenore," said the old lady, plaintively, "why has not Lenore been to kiss me, and say good-night? Has the child gone to bed?"

"Lenore is asleep, mother," said the Colonel, in a whisper. "We must not disturb her. She shall come to you in the morning."

"Strange—strange," murmured the old lady; "she never forgot me before;" and with that she turned and went slowly away, groping with her hands before her; and the Colonel, falling on his knees, buried his face in the white dress of his dead daughter. At which point the whole machinery of my dream dissolved away, and I awoke.

There was no more sleep for me that night. So lifelike and vivid was my extraordinary dream, so much did it seem like a part of my own personal experience, that the effect left by it on my mind was not lightly to be shaken off. Lenore's wild cry as she flung herself into her father's arms, the voices of Varrel and Lomond in angry dispute, seemed still to echo in my brain; and I felt that every minute incident of that terrible tragedy must henceforth be, as it were, a part of my own life. Impelled by some vague feeling which I could not resist, I quitted my bedroom, and wandered, half-dressed, into the great desolate drawing-room, the scene of all the strange incidents of my dream. The ghostly splendor of the moonlight filled it no longer; it was as cold, dark, and silent, as some vast tomb. As I stood in the doorway, longing, and yet afraid to enter, a gust of night-wind sweeping up the valley rattled the windows of the old mansion; and what seemed like a low, responsive sigh, came to me out of the gloom, a sigh so unutterably sad, that, with a shudder, I stepped backward and shut the door.

I was very glad when ten o'clock came, and brought Mr. Lomond, punctual to the minute. "It is only what I expected," he said, when I had given him an outline of my singular dream; "and I may now tell you, Sir, that precisely the same dream which impressed you so strongly last night is dreamed by every one, no matter who they may be, the first time they sleep at Gledhills, and never afterward; and this Curse—for I may truly call it by that name—has hung over the house from the night on which the tragedy, which you witnessed only in imagination, was worked out in all its dismal reality within these walls. You will now understand why I requested you to sleep one night at Gledhills before finally deciding that you would take the house; and it remains for you to consider whether your wife, whose health you say is delicate, could undergo such an ordeal as she would assuredly have to pass through the first night of her sojourn under this roof."

I decided that she could not endure the trial, and gave up Gledhills.

## A STORY FOR GROWN PEOPLE.

BY A VERY LITTLE BOY.

"And how would you like it yourself?" said Willie's fairy godmother, knitting away very fast on her spider's silk stockings.

Willie's mamma opened her eyes wide, under the muslin border of her night-cap. This was before the dressing bell, you understand; and the fairy godmother having slipped down the chimney, had perched herself on the bedpost, where she sat in spectacles and high-crowned cap, with her legs twisted around the post, looking more like a nightmare than a respectable fairy godmother.

And, said mamma, yawning:

"But one must have discipline, you know."

"I agree with you," said the fairy, sharply. "So to commence with, get up; you should be ashamed to hesitate and dawdle there. You ought to have the habit of springing up promptly at the first tinkle of the bell."

Now if mamma was any thing at this particular moment she was sleepy, and she put her nose down among the pillows, and gave herself a little twist, and would have liked very well not to hear the fairy godmother.

"What a perverse, unmanageable person you are!" said the fairy, disapprovingly. "If you could see now the expression of your face, and all because I require of you something that is for your good! How slow you are with your lacing! and no, mamma, not the brown dress, but the gray one, if you please!"

"But why not—"

"Do you answer me back?" cried the fairy; "the gray dress I say, and no arguments."

"But it is no—" commenced mamma, when,

"Silence!" commanded Willie's fairy godmother, with such a look in her little black eyes that mamma thought it prudent to comply, and get into the gray dress as fast as possible, though she disliked it, and only wore it on dismal occasions like washing days. It fitted ill, and she felt ill-dressed, and she was very wrathful at being twitched out of her sleep; and though she did not dare to explode, she did splash the water and twitch about the ewer; and—

"Such evidences of temper must be punished," declared the fairy, solemnly. "You will remain at home to-day in place of calling on Mrs. Greenleaf."

"But Mrs. Greenleaf sails for Europe this afternoon," cried mamma, aghast.

"Sorry to deprive you of your farewell; but as you remarked to Willie, when you kept him at home from the picnic that he had anticipated for six weeks, I do it for your good, my dear."

"She is my dearest friend, and I must see her," said mamma, resolutely. "She would never forgive my absence. Really, dame, this passes a joke."

"So Willie thought. You may remember he threw himself on the ground in a sort of despair, and that he would not be comforted; but as you very properly remarked, ill-temper must be curbed."

"But," interrupted mamma, almost beside herself, "you surely don't comprehend—"

"Did I ever say Yes when I had once said No?" asked the fairy godmother, austerely. "I am sorry for your disappointment; but—why tease? We must have discipline, you know."

Here the breakfast-bell rang, and as by this time mamma's temper was turned entirely wrong side out, she went down to the breakfast-room and seated herself with a sullen face, while the fairy godmother took her place at the head of the table with a smiling air of having been very patient in doing her duty.

"And what ails mamma this morning?" asked papa, looking at her in surprise.

"We have had a very naughty mamma here," said the fairy godmother, smiling more than ever "A very rebellious, cross little woman she has been this morning!"

All the people at the table concentrate themselves in a stare at mamma, who feels guiltier and worse than ever.

"You don't tell what made me ill-tempered," thinks mamma.

"Very sorry to hear this!" said papa, disapprovingly.

Out flies the cork of mamma's bottled wrath.

"You would be cross, too, if—"

"Mamma! mamma!" Papa and fairy godmother in full chorus, "How dare you, Madam! Go and stand in the corner!"

Mamma stood in the corner, and would have liked to have butted her head through the corner, only that was manifestly impossible. There was not a ray of light in mamma's sky. Every body disapproved of her; nobody would give her a chance to explain; and there was the intolerable disappointment about Mrs. Greenleaf! and if at any time she found herself gradually settling down to something like serenity, why there was the fairy godmother to stir her up again. She would omit an order.

"And I am afraid this is to be one of our unlucky days," says the fairy godmother, with a smile that made mamma angry in a moment. She had trouble with cook.

"You see you commenced badly," remarks the fairy, soothingly.

She was nervous with the children.

"Oh! it is of so much importance to begin the day properly," observes Willie's fairy godmother.

Do what she will, mamma can not get away from the irritating remembrance of this unlucky commencement, which is perpetually set in her way for her to stumble over; and then, this was really a day of misfortunes. There was a fine statuette of Night—mamma's perpetual delight! Papa had imported it for her. It was the one extravagance of their plain little drawing-room; and on this morning Martha, while dusting, flourished her duster a little too vigorously; and there was the statuette in pieces on the ground. Mamma sat down beside it with a face that looked like crying.

"Tut! tut!" said Willie's fairy godmother. "It is a pity, to be sure; but then, just think how many mammas have no bread and butter and shoes for their little children."

Which was true; but that did not mend the statuette, and mamma looked still more like crying.

"You are as childish as Willie," said his godmother, watching mamma from under her spectacles. "He cried for his lost box of paints, and would not be comforted by the little heathen children; and you will not be consoled by the mammas who not only have no statuettes but no shoes."

Then mamma was busy with a pudding. She baked it with her own hands; for she had made it after a recipe of the fairy godmother, and, if a success, it was to surprise papa. At the critical moment, as she was placing it in the oven, she was seized with a doubt. Something about sugar and spice was to be done to the pudding at the last moment. Query: Which last moment? Just before going into the oven, or just before coming out? She ran up stairs to ask the fairy godmother.

"Hush!" said the dame, who was counting her stitches.

"I just wish to ask—"

"I desire you to be quiet," said the fairy, severely. "Sit down in that chair, and neither presume to speak nor stir till I give you leave."

Mamma sat down. She was a grown-up mamma, to be sure, but then Willie's godmother was a fairy, and could make her over into a squash, if she chose, with one twist of her knitting-needle.

Tick! tick! five minutes by the clock; ten! Mamma's pudding standing in the oven, mamma fuming on the chair, and the fairy counting her stitches. Five minutes more, and there was a pattering and rustling in the chimney—fairy visitors for godmother. They pulled up chairs, and pulled out their knitting, and talked interminably. Mamma fidgeted, and the clock ticked off the minutes with uncomfortable rapidity.

Commenced mamma at last: "Do tell me about my pudding. It will be—"

"Hush! hush!" cried the fairy godmother, shocked. "Little mammas should be seen and not heard. Really I am quite ashamed of you;" and went on talking. And of course you know what had happened to the pudding by the time that the old ladies had tripped up chimney again. It was burned to a cinder.

Mamma was miserably vexed.

"You have as little patience as your son," calmly observed the fairy godmother. "When Hal Green offered to lend him his pony he rushed home to ask your permission for the ride; but, you remember, you were engaged with Miss Tattle, who was on one of her endless histories, and you would not permit him to speak; and so he sat counting the minutes; and when she finally took her departure it was too late for the ride. I remember you reproved him for his want of resignation."

There was no time for further pudding attempts, and finding a book mamma sat down to forget her annoyances in reading. Just as she reached the interesting chapter she heard the fairy godmother:

"Mamma! mamma!"

Away ran mamma, with "What is wanted?" and—

"I wish you would go up in the attic and hunt me some spider's webs," said Willie's godmother. "I am almost at the end of my ball of silk."

"How disagreeable!" muttered mamma, and was instantly rebuked with,

"How selfish you are! I am sorry to find you so disobliging."

Mamma found the spider's webs, tore back to her book, reached the middle of the interesting chapter, and heard the fairy godmother again.

"Mamma! mamma! I wish you would come and hold this spider's silk while I reel it."

"Tiresome old thing!" said mamma, and, giving up her book in despair, sat down at her sewing when the spider's silk was wound.

"You hold your work very awkwardly," said the fairy godmother; and presently,

"Why do you not manage better with your children? Do you hear them now?"

And ten stitches after,

"What a sulky expression you wear! It is really very unbecoming! Why are you not more pleasant and cheerful?"

And when she had nearly completed the garment,

"Mamma, put up your work," said the fairy, suddenly.

"I have only ten stitches more," urged mamma.

"But put it away at once," commanded the dame; "I require instant and perfect obedience."

Mamma folded away the frock, sticking the needle in it venomously, as if it had been the fairy.

"And how has our mamma been?" said papa, coming in just then.

The fairy shook her head.

"We have a bad report to-day, I am afraid. Mamma has been sulky, disobliging, impertinent, and rebellious. I am really pained by her perversity."

"Are you?" cried mamma. "Why then did you take such pains to bring about all these fine results? You commenced the day by a disagreeable and perfectly unnecessary restriction about my dress. Because I did not endure it with a smiling face you proceeded to inflict on me a grievous and irreparable disappointment; and not satisfied with that, you called the family attention to my ill-humor, omitting all mention of the cause, and forbidding me to explain. You have worried me through the day with ceaseless reproofs and commands, and then rebuked me because I did not look cheerful under the discipline. You spoiled an entire afternoon by refusing me a moment's attention. You broke in on my occupations on the most absurd pretexts, and then exclaim that I am irritated. You yourself have been the cause of what you so much dislike. You worry and cross and fret with a continual and vexatious supervision, that would strain to their utmost the principles and patience of a saint."

"You acknowledge, then," said the fairy, "that you, a grown woman, would be fretted out of amiability and self-control by my system: but pray, Madam, is it not your own? and when did you ever find fault with it before? When you inflicted on your son a disappointment as unbearable as the one you yourself have suffered, you never asked what caused the ill-temper, for which you punished him, or if the punishment was not too great for the offense. When you follow him about all day, with continual fault-finding about very small matters, you expect that he will hear with a smiling face and mend his ways at once; but when you are pursued in the same way you find that it only makes you cross, and stirs up the worst part of your nature; and yet he is a little boy, and you are a grown mamma. When Willie's game or project is spoiled, because little boys must not interrupt, and you will not hear him till it is too late, you are shocked that he is sulky and aggrieved; and yet how intolerable it was to sit, while your pudding was spoiling, for want of an answer to a simple question! and you are a grown mamma and he is only a little boy. You insist that he, a little boy, must leave his most delightful occupation, at the height of its interest, without even a look of dissatisfaction; and yet how hard you, a grown mamma, found it to practice what you preach! You say I am the cause of your shortcomings of to-day. If that is so, then, in a limited degree, you are the cause of much of your son's naughtiness; for I thought I could not do better than imitate the system of such an experienced and sensible mamma as yourself, and I have simply copied you to the letter; and if the system works so ill when tried on yourself, is it not just possible that, though rules and a steady and firm system of discipline are absolutely required in a family, that a system of discipline, enforced with an utter disregard of the tastes and feelings of its object, is a tyranny, even when enforced by a mamma—that a few guiding rules are as indispensable as a boundary fence; but that restrictions and regulations, thick-set all through the day, are so many traps and stumbling-blocks for unwary little Willies; and that a mamma ought not to require more patience, self-control, and fortitude of a little child than she could use herself in precisely similar circumstances?"

Papa smiled, mamma pouted; and I, Willie, having heard it all, have written it all down for the benefit of those poor grown people, who have been so busy all their lives in teaching us that they have never had any time to teach themselves.

## PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

MARRIAGE OF A COLORED SOLDIER.

This wedding seemed to me somewhat remarkable, inasmuch as the bride was only thirteen, and the groom only about seventeen years old. A lady, looking at the sketch, thought the decent appearance of the party and the taste shown in the bride's apparel exaggerated for the sake of appearances. This, however, was not the case; the scene is given just as it appeared. The bridegroom was a musician, a straight, well-built young fellow in his best uniform. The bride was a light-colored woman in a dress low enough to meet the requirements of the fashionable society of New York. They listened thoughtfully to the worthy chaplain's remarks; and the whole affair was creditable to the colored folks assembled on the occasion. As we left they were all sitting down to a very fancy bridal supper; and the band—of which the new-made husband was a member—was playing outside. It was not an aristocratic mansion, but there was a fiddler ready, and it is safe to surmise that the company enjoyed themselves.

SCENE IN FRONT OF WASHINGTON HOTEL AT VICKSBURG.

The scene in front of the Washington Hotel is characteristic. As you go South you notice the gradual disappearance of reading and writing rooms, and of decent sitting-rooms for the guests. Thus the sidewalk becomes the only available place for

MARRIAGE OF A COLORED SOLDIER AT VICKSBURG BY CHAPLAIN WARREN OF THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

loungers. Being more limited than in larger cities, when, in Vicksburg, the pavement is covered with chairs, there is not much space for passengers, especially ladies, to get by. They do not seem to mind it though, but thread their way through the *gentlemen* and the tobacco-juice with commendable fortitude. It is not agreeable to ladies in New York to have to pass the groups of loungers at the hotels. What would they do if the aforesaid loungers brought chairs out and spread themselves all over the sidewalk, smoking, spitting, wrangling, and so forth?

A. R. W.

SCENE IN FRONT OF WASHINGTON HOTEL, VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.

PARISIAN TOILETS.—[See Page 414.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1866.—[See Page 414.]

## PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

THE rain and the east wind having at last given place to bright sunshine and moderately warm weather, ladies' toilets, which during the past month were only in course of development, now exhibit a very decided change. The most striking invention of the moment is certainly the robe *en fourreau*—jacket, skirt, and jupe being all of the same material, and all trimmed to correspond. The jacket is usually very short, and generally made so as not to fit close to the figure, in which case it is merely fastened at the neck. The skirt, which commonly has a slight trimming half-way up its seams, is looped up in festoons, to the ends of which silk tassels are sometimes suspended; while beneath it is displayed the jupe, trimmed in a most elaborate style with scollops, vandykes, rosettes, crossbars, checks, diamonds, or other geometric patterns. Occasionally the jupe, instead of being of the same material as the robe itself, and trimmed to correspond with it, is of plain silk of the exact color of the trimming of the robe, with perhaps a single or double rouleau of ribbon running round the bottom. These dresses are made in almost every variety of material.

The robes displayed by the "grand monde" recently at Longchamp, when the great race for the Grand Prix de Paris came off, were of the most magnificent description, and comprised the very latest varieties of the mode and all the colors of the rainbow—bright blue, green, puce, and rich gold-color silks—the brilliancy of the last was subdued, however, by its being covered entirely over with open black lace; striped foulards and gazes de Chambéry in rose-color, porcelain blue, violet, green, and orange, on silver gray or white grounds. Some were made *en fourreau*, and the wearers of these, with their chapeaux Lamballe, merely wanted crooks in their hands to look very like those exceedingly elegant and most artificial-looking shepherdesses which one meets with in the pictures of BOUCHER and WATTEAU. The majority of robes were, however, with trains of considerable length, and almost the whole of them were made with jackets of the same material, and commonly cut into the most fantastic forms. Thus, some had long lappets hanging down in front and still longer lappets hanging behind, looking not unlike a bird's tail; others were elaborately notched and scolloped round the edges, and many had long open sleeves that hung down almost as low as the knees. The majority were fastened with elegant bands round the waist, but, when the jacket was exceedingly short, it hung quite loose, except at the neck. These robes, when of some positive color, were trimmed with white or black lace, and, occasionally, with straw passementerie, the effect of which was extremely beautiful; while the lighter shades and the striped patterns were trimmed, for the most part, with satin ribbon. The predominating colors of the flowers in the bonnets, and also the bonnet-strings, were, almost invariably, of the precise tint of the trimming of the robe; or, where the robe was of a decided color and trimmed with lace, of the same shade as the robe itself.

If the spectacle which Longchamp presented may be regarded as any indication of the coming mode, the days of crinoline are certainly numbered. The majority of the more elegantly-dressed women seem to have entirely abandoned it. These magnificent robes, with long trains, worn with a plain white jupe, with a broad ruche at the bottom of it, certainly looked most graceful without its adventitious aid, though it must be confessed that the robe *en fourreau*, spite of the fullness of its looped-up skirt, looks somewhat scanty when worn without crinoline.

Muslins are just now coming into wear, and many of the new patterns are not only exceedingly brilliant in color, but tasteful in design. Floral patterns, consisting of large wreaths and bouquets, and long, trailing clusters of flowers, certainly predominate, though robes, with borders of delicate shawl patterns, seem likely to become most fashionable.

For evening dress something like a contest may be said to be going on between foulards and other materials of quiet tints and small patterns and striped and other foulards of the most brilliant hues. Of novelties among the former may be mentioned the *foulard oiseau*, the pattern of which is composed of flying birds in gold-color silk; secondly, a foulard, with rose-leaves, sprigs, and buds scattered indiscriminately over the ground; and, thirdly, a foulard, with feathers of different hues symmetrically arranged. Among the richer kinds of foulards may be classed those with carmine and black, or violet, or turquoise-blue stripes, alternated with clusters of flowers or simple white daisies on silver-gray grounds; and one with a pattern formed of peacocks' feathers of the most brilliant and most variegated tints elegantly disposed on a ground of pearly white. Other evening dresses are of gaze de Chambéry, striped with the gayest colors. When the corsage differs from the robe itself, it is not unfrequently composed of an entre-deux of fine lace and puffs of tulle.

Ball dresses are of white tulle, sometimes with delicate artificial flowers tastefully arranged about the skirt, in other cases with rouleaux of white or some light color satin at the bottom of the skirt, the corsage being trimmed to correspond, and occasionally of white tulle embroidered over with silver thread.

There is no particular change to be noted with regard to chapeaux, except that the tulle, or muslin, or net strings, which are now worn extremely wide, have generally a blonde edging to them; the wreath, too, when joined together at the ends, falls now as frequently over the chignon as upon the breast. Below is a description of a few chapeaux observed at Longchamp.

First, a chapeau of cerise color net partially covered with white lace, and with long glass beads hanging round the rim. In the front of the bonnet, which is depressed at the top, in the style of the Tudor cap, is a full-blown rose; a branch of rose-buds hangs at the left side. The strings are of cerise color ribbon. Next, a chapeau of rice straw, almost entirely covered on one side by a large heart's-ease, surrounded by a few leaves, and having some small heart's-eases on a puffing of net to form the front. A bunch of heart's-eases fastens the broad net strings (edged with blonde) immediately under the chin. Another bonnet was of some delicate Italian straw, having a band of scarlet velvet running round the rim about an inch from the edge, and a similar band across the crown. On these bands were arranged clusters of large purple grapes, with rich brown and green leaves frosted over with silver. Other chapeaux were wreathed with bunches of grapes formed of imitation pearls; and one had a wreath of ivy and fig leaves, with small figs hanging in clusters over the front, the whole being on white aluminium bronze.

At Longchamp most of the parasols were of white or some delicate color silk, a few of them being covered with white lace. Attempts are, however, being made to introduce parasols wreathed round the edges with artificial flowers or embroidered over with ciphers and crests, or with race-horses or bunches of flowers, all in their proper colors, on light-tinted and black grounds.

Ladies' boots are still worn very high and with tassels, as formerly. The fashionable bottines have merely the toes of leather, the remainder of the boot being of some thin, textile fabric of exceedingly minute pattern, and for which gray, with occasionally a narrow scarlet binding, appears to be the color most in favor. The heels of the boots, which are as tall as ever, are covered with the same material.

### THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Evening Dress.*—Robe of blue lilac foulard, covered with a pattern formed of small croisillons, and ornamented at the lower part of the skirt with large croisillons in taffeta, and bordered with lace. Corselet with bands and belt of taffeta, edged with narrow lace to match the trimming on the skirt. Chemisette of white tulle, with an entre-deux of open lace.

Fig. 2. *Morning Dress.*—Robe and casaque of white Swiss cambric, or other simple material, embroidered with guipure, with belt to match. A rouleau of ribbon round the bottom of the skirt. Chapeau of fancy straw, encircled with wreath of flowers. The strings, which are of green ribbon, are fixed to the top of the crown.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—Robe of striped taffeta, caught up in festoons so as to show a jupe of the same material. The trimming is of satin ribbon, with a narrow edging of lace and with small silver or glass buttons arranged down the centre. The chapeau Trianon is of puffed tulle, trimmed at the edge with a garland of white lilac and with pearl drops suspended from the rim, which fall upon the forehead and on the chignon. The strings are of tulle, bordered with white blonde, and are fastened together with a sprig of flowers.

Fig. 4. *Walking Dress.*—Robe and casaque of gray shotted mohair, trimmed with mauve or rose-color ribbon, ornamented with a delicate passementerie. The chapeau Sianois is of yellow straw, trimmed round the edge with a ruche of taffeta, of the same color as the trimming of the robe, on which rests some large white daisies. At the top are bouclettes of taffeta, fastened by similar daisies. The double set of strings, neither of which are intended to be tied, fall loosely upon the breast.

## PARISIAN TOILETS.

Fig. 1. Foulard robe, white ground, with small, red disks. Over the lower margin of the skirt is a very narrow flounce of white foulard, gathered and bound on each side by a narrow ribbon of red silk. Corsage very low, with epaulets formed by the continuation of a ruche similar to the flounce and placed on the upper margin of the corsage: a like ruche serves as a belt. Inner corsage of white mousseline, high in the neck and with long sleeves. Straw hat, "Lamballe," with coquelicots, wheat ears, black lace, and wide "*brides*" of black tulle.

Fig. 2. Blue silk robe, with "dentelés" edges, trimmed with silk ribbon of a little darker shade; above, and as a continuation of this trimming, is a ribbon which terminates in the middle of the back in two long loops and still longer ends. White straw hat, trimmed with *crevés* of blue silk, blue ribbons, and puffs of white tulle; narrow blue "*brides;*" very wide *écharpes* of white tulle serving as outer "*brides.*" Blue parasol lined with white silk.

## FANS.

WHEN and where was the fan invented? The beauties of old Rome were as familiar with its charms as the proud-stepping dames of modern Spain; and ladies of every clime and complexion have adopted the mischief-working weapon of coquetry, and become skilled in the mystery of flirting a fan. Copper-colored dandies, born to use the tomahawk and scalping-knife, have rejoiced in the possession of turkey-plume fans; and the clever Japanese have turned the instrument to uses undreamed of by less ingenious nations. In the alien-hating dominions of the Tycoon, the schoolmaster brings unruly urchins to book by rapping their knuckles with a fan; the fop uses it as a switch; the beggar makes it a receptacle for alms; the traveler seeks the useful information in its folds; the warrior brains a foe with its iron case; and it comes as a death-warrant to the high-born evil-doer.

The deacons of the Greek Church receive a fan upon being ordained, to remind them that they are expected to keep intrusive insects from annoying the superior priests in the performance of their public duties; and a large fan of white peacock feathers has figured in many a grand religious solemnity as part of the papal insignia.

In Shakspeare's day no lady thought of stirring abroad without her fan, the care of the toy devolving upon her gentleman-usher: even Juliet's nurse must have Peter to carry her fan; and many a poor lover, who had ravished a feather from his lady's fan, and worn it as a favor, hesitated at carrying his love to its legitimate conclusion, for fear of his ability to

> Keep a lazy waiting-man,
> And buy a hood and silver-handled fan
> With forty pound.

The most fashionable fans were made of ostrich, peacock, or other flexible feathers, fastened into a metal or ivory handle. Among the unconsidered trifles snapped up by Falstaff's hungry jackals, Pistol and Nym, was the handle of a certain Mistress Bridget's fan, for which a fence of the period gave the conveyers three shillings and ninepence. When Elizabeth honored her lord-keeper by dining with him at his house at Kew, a diamond-decked fan was one among the gifts with which he acknowledged her condescension. Fans, indeed, seem to have been always acceptable to her majesty; and many such costly toys figure in the list of New-Year's gifts tendered by courtiers to their royal mistress. That terrible sea-bird, Sir Francis Drake, presented Elizabeth with a fan of white and red feathers, its gold handle enameled with one half moon of mother-of-pearl, inclosing another of diamonds and pearls, forming a jeweled frame for a miniature portrait of herself. The Countess of Bath furnished another of swan-down, "with a maze of green velvet, embroidered with seed-pearls, and a very small chain of silver gilt, and in the midst a border on both sides of seed-pearls, sparks of rubies and emeralds; and thereon a monster of gold, the head and breast of mother-of-pearl." A modest gentleman, who preferred to show his loyalty anonymously, sent the queen a fan of sundry colored feathers set in a silver-mounted agate handle. Leicester paid his court with a fan of white feathers, the gold handle ornamented with pearls, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, and bearing "a lion ramping with a white bear muzzled at his foot"—a device that may have been merely significant of his loyalty to the queen, but capable of being interpreted in a tenderer fashion by the woman. When Elizabeth died, the royal wardrobe contained no less than twenty-seven fans.

Tom Coryat was charmed with the elegance of the Italian fans. He says: "These fans both men and women of the country do carry to cool themselves withal in the time of heat, by the often fanning of their faces. Most of them are very elegant and pretty things. For whereas the fan consisteth of a painted piece of paper and a little wooden handle; the paper which is fastened into the top is on both sides most curiously adorned with excellent pictures; either of amorous things tending to dalliance, having some witty Italian verses or fine emblems written under them; or of some notable Italian city, with a brief description added thereunto. These fans are of a mean price, for a man may buy one of the fairest of them for so much money as countervaileth our English groat." The Italian gentlemen did not stand alone in their effeminacy. The butterflies of the Scotch Solon's court carried fans to shield their tender faces from the rude wind as they rode to banquet or ball. "We strive to be accounted womanish," murmurs Greene, "by keeping of beauty, by curling of hair, by wearing plumes of feathers in our hands, which in wars our ancestors wore on their heads." This ridiculous custom seems to have had a long life, for Aubrey bears witness that in 1678 gentlemen were in the habit of carrying huge fans with handles half a yard long; serving not only for their protection and delectation, but coming into domestic use as instruments for correcting their grown-up daughters when troublesome or rebellious. The judges of the land were not exempt from the fan fever, and no less a man than Lord Chief-Justice Coke carried an enormous fan when going the circuit—a curious method of adding dignity to the majesty of the law!

Catharine of Braganza introduced the green shading fan into England, and it held its pride of place until the Revolution, when the folding fan came into vogue, and the old-fashioned feather fan (re-christened the matron's fan) was relegated to elderly ladies, as "more comely and civil for old persons than the former, which is shiffed with nothing but vanity;" the vanity lying in the landscapes, romantic scenes, and fanciful designs with which the folding fans were decorated. In Anne's reign the toy had lost none of its charms, nor had fashionable ladies acquired more decency, for we are assured that they only endured the intolerable fatigue of sitting out the morning-service at church by making it an occasion for displaying their fine fans, white hands, and brilliant jewelry. The fan must have made deep inroads on a fine lady's pin-money, since Sir Roger de Coverley thought the profits of a windmill should be set apart to find fans for his perverse widow, if she became Lady de Coverley.

To flirt a fan properly was an art only to be acquired with labor. Mrs. Abington, the actress, was a proficient in it:

> Pray, ladies, copy Abington;
> Observe the breeding in her air;
> There's nothing of the actress there:
> Assume her fashion if you can,
> And catch the graces of her fan.

Addison gives some amusing instructions in the use of the fan. *Handling the fan* was performed with the instrument closed, the executant first shaking it at one gentleman, then tapping her neighbor on the shoulder, next pressing her lips to the end of the fan, and finally letting her arm fall easily and gracefully by her side. This was to be learned in about a week. *Unfurling the fan* required at least a month's incessant practice; the manœuvre comprising little flirts and vibrations, gradual and deliberate openings, and voluntary fallings asunder of the fan. To *discharge fan* was to make a pop as loud as the report of a pocket-pistol. To *ground fan* was to top it gracefully upon the table with a certain air, in order to take up a pack of cards, replace a falling pin, adjust a stray curl, or perform some equally important act. All these difficulties of fan-drill surmounted, the greatest remained to be conquered; but even *flirting the fan* might, with great perseverance, be mastered by an apt pupil in three months' time. "There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flirting of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarcely any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch that, if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing that I have been glad, for the lady's sake, the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add that a fan is a prude or a coquette according to the nature of the person who bears it."

When ivory, leather, wood, and paper superseded feathers in the manufacture of fans, artists were called in to add beauty to the delicate weapon that gave

> Coolness to the matchless dame,
> To every other breast a flame.

Watteau fairly fanned his way to fame; Cipriani, West, and Reynolds did not disdain to use their pencils in the service of fashion, and we can readily accept Miss Burney's assurance that the result was more delightful than can well be imagined. But the painters were not allowed to have it all their own way; the engravers entered the list with vigor and success, and catered to the love of novelty with great profit to themselves. When Sacheverell was the pet of the ladies nothing would serve for fan-mounts but representations of the church martyr at the bar. When *Gulliver's Travels* took the town by storm, every lady carried Liliput about with her; and when the *Beggars' Opera* made Gay rich, and Rich gay, fans were covered with copies of the songs and engravings of the scenes. A correspondent of Sylvanus Urban, writing in 1753, gives a curious list of a dozen designs he saw displayed by a row of ladies kneeling at the communion in a fashionable London church. Such subjects as the "Meeting of Isaac and Rebecca," and "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife," being Scriptural, might pass muster with a tender critic; but "Darby and Joan," "The Taking of Porto Bello," "The Humors of Change Alley," "Silenus," "Vauxhall Gardens," "The Judgment of Paris," "Harlequin, Pierrot, and Columbine," and "The Prodigal Son," from the "Rake's Progress," were hardly in keeping with the occasion. The popularity of the printed fan-mounts seems, however, to have run counter to the interests of the English fan-makers, for they thought necessary to petition against the importation of them from abroad; and one of their advocates proposed the levying of a tax of sixpence and a shilling upon every paper and leather fan-mount, calculating to raise thereby a revenue of between twenty and thirty thousand pounds, to the detriment only of some half-a-dozen paltry plate-engravers, who were enriching themselves and starving hundreds.

"WHAT CAN I DO BEST?"—It is always difficult for a young man to decide what calling is best adapted to his capacity. By calling on FOWLER & WELLS, Phrenologists, 389 Broadway, and obtaining a full description of character, he will be enabled to decide understandingly.

"A WOMAN'S GLORY."—The magnificent hair of multitudes of American ladies is ascribed to the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE. No other preparation so exactly suits the various conditions of the human hair.

MOTH AND FRECKLES.—Ladies afflicted with discolorations on the face, called moth-patches or freckles, should use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by all druggists.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

INVISIBLE PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE GREAT WONDER OF THE AGE. Beautiful and perfect Photographs instantly made in the parlor by man, woman, or child. Price 25 cents per package, with full directions. MEEKER & PICKFORD, 106 Nassau St., New York. Liberal discount to the Trade.

Filter the Croton.
The Diaphragm Filter.

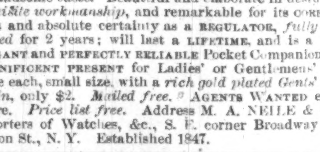
ALEXANDER McKENZIE & CO., PLUMBERS AND GAS FITTERS, No. 35 WEST FOURTH ST., N. Y.

$2 MAGIC Timekeeper $2
And Vest Chain, $2 00.

A genuine English SOLID GOLD OR SILVER COMPOSITE Timekeeper, with accurate *miniature* COMPASS in the dial, in handsome *cases*. Beautiful and elaborate in *design*, of *exquisite workmanship*, and remarkable for its CORRECTNESS and absolute certainty as a REGULATOR, *fully warranted* for 2 years; will last a LIFETIME, and is a most ELEGANT and PERFECTLY RELIABLE Pocket Companion and MAGNIFICENT PRESENT for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use. Price each, small size, with a *rich gold plated Gents' Vest Chain*, only $2. *Mailed free.* AGENTS WANTED every where. *Price list free.* Address M. A. NEILE & CO., Importers of Watches, &c., S. E. corner Broadway and Fulton St., N. Y. Established 1847.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. ADAMS PRESS COMPANY, 26 Ann Street, New York, and 35 Lincoln Street, Boston.



FISHING TACKLE,

In all its varieties, for sale by A. DRAPER, No. 53 Nassau Street, one door from Maiden Lane, New York.

Patent Snap-and Catch-Em Fish-Hook. A perfect trap; springs open in the fish's mouth; sportsmen and boys all want them. Send 30 cents and stamp for two sample hooks, or $1 25 for one dozen, and trade-prices, to JOSEPH BRIGGS, 335 Broadway, New York. Room 35.

The Way of Wisdom.

Important to all young persons who aspire to lead a true and practical life THE WAY OF WISDOM, No. 1 *for the youth of both sexes*, 25 cents; Do., No. 2, *for girls and young women* (which is accompanied by No. 1), price, inclusive, 50 cents. Mailed, sealed, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address CLARK ORVIS,
119 Nassau Street, New York.

# $5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

First Premium and Improved, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May 13, 1862; Improvement patented June 9, 1863.* The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with crimping attachment, is noiseless in operation, sews with double or single thread of all kinds with extraordinary rapidity, making sixteen stitches to each evolution of the Wheel. Will gather, hem, ruffle, shirr, tuck, run up breadths, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have used it.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, all complete, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders,

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
Office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

# E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

501 BROADWAY (St. Nicholas Block).
Photographic Materials, Stereoscopic Goods,

**WAR VIEWS.**

SCENERY, GROUPS, &c.

Photograph Albums, great assortment, Cartes de Visite of Noted Persons, &c., &c.

French English, and American Novelties.

# Allcock's Porous Plasters

CURE LUMBAGO, PAINS OF THE SIDE, VARICOSE VEINS, SORE CHEST, &c.

An Electrician, who has great experience of their effects in local rheumatism, in tic doloreux, and deep-seated nervous and other pains, and in affections of the kidneys, etc., etc., attributes all their sedative, stimulative, and pain-relieving effects to their electric qualities. He asserts they restore the healthy electric condition (equilibrium) of the part, and, that being restored, pain and morbid action cease.

**Lame Back.**

Brandreth House, New York, *Nov. 23,* 1859.

T. Allcock & Co.—Gentlemen: I lately suffered severely from a weakness in my back. Having heard your Plasters much recommended in cases of this kind, I procured one, and the result was all that I could desire. A single Plaster cured me in a week.

Yours, respectfully, J. G. Briggs.

General Agency, Brandreth House, 294 Canal St., New York. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

# Large Dividend.

# MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

**Nos. 156 and 158 Broadway,**

NEW YORK.

**Organized in 1850.**

H. STOKES, President.
C. Y. WEMPLE, Secretary.
J. L. HALSEY, Assistant Secretary.
S. N. STEBBINS, Actuary.
A. DUBOIS, H. G. PIFFARD, } Medical Examiners.

**ADVANTAGES over ALL OTHER COMPANIES.**

Dividends annually; dividend 1866, now payable, forty per cent. Annual receipts nearly $2,000,000. No claims unpaid. All forms of Life Policies issued. Non-forfeiting Life and Endowment Policies, payable in five and ten annual payments. Notes taken for part of the premium. Expenses less than any cash Company. Policies incontestable.

☞ Solicitors wanted in all the principal cities.

# FRENCH SELF-FASTENING BUTTONS

FRENCH SELF-FASTENING BUTTON CO. N.Y. · TRADEMARK ·

Put on and TAKEN OFF in a MOMENT by any one, without sewing, eyelet, screw, rivet, or cut in the cloth. They can be changed from one garment to another in an instant; will never pull off nor tear the cloth. This invention received the first premium (Silver Medal) at the Fair of the American Institute in September, 1865. In order to give the public the benefit of these goods at once, we offer to send by return mail, postage paid, or by express, on receipt of the prices affixed, any of the following

**BUTTONS FOR MEN AND BOYS:**

COAT BUTTONS, per dozen, plain black, 60c.; extra quality, 70c.; Ivory (black, drab, gray, tan, or two colors) 90c.; Rubber, 70c.; fine Pearl, white or dark, $1 50. OVERCOAT BUTTONS, per dozen, plain black, 70c.; extra quality, 80c.; Rubber, 80c.; fine Pearl, white or dark, $1.50. VEST BUTTONS, per dozen, plain black, 50c.; extra quality, 60c., Ivory (black, drab, gray, tan, or two colors), 80c., Pearl white or dark, $1; fine Gilt Vest or Jacket, 75c.; 90c.; $1; $1.50; Rubber, 60c. SUSPENDER BUTTONS, per dozen, 40c.; White Linen, for Under Garments, 50c. ONE ASSORTED BOX (coat, vest, pant, and overcoat), $1 75. These are the only reliable Buttons for children's clothing, as they never pull off.

**BUTTONS FOR LADIES.**

By having several different sets, ladies can change them in a moment, thus altering the appearance of the garment to suit taste or occasion. CLOAK AND SACK BUTTONS, per dozen, new Medallion, $2; new brilliant Ivory, $3; Pearl, white or dark, $1.50; extra large and fine, $3; Rubber, $1; plain black, 80c.; Brocade, $1; Persian Gilt, $1; Ivory (black, drab, tan, gray, or two colors, for sacks), 90c. DRESS BUTTONS, per dozen, Pearl white or dark, $1; Ivory, any color, 90c; new style Medallion, $1.50; brilliant Ivory, $1.50; Gilt Persian Pattern, $1; Chased Gilt Ball, 75c., 90c., $1, and $1.50; Rubber, $1. PLAIN SILK DRESS BUTTONS, any color, made to order, $1 25 per dozen.

**ARMY AND NAVY BUTTONS.**

For this purpose they are invaluable, as they can in an instant be exchanged for a new set, removed for cleaning, or changed for plain covered buttons when desired. United States Staff Coat, per dozen, Extra, $4; Fine, $3 50; Middling Fine, $2. Vest, Extra, $2; Fine, $1.75; Middling Fine, $1. Infantry, Cavalry, or Artillery, Extra Coat, $3; Fine, $2; Extra Vest, $1 50; Fine, $1. Common Regulation, for Rank and File Coat, 50c.; Vest, 45c. Navy Extra Coat, $5; Fine, $2.50; Extra Vest, $2.50; Fine, $1.25; Jacket, $1.50. New York State Coat, $2.50; same quality Vest, $1.25 per dozen. Orders executed for any State Regiment on short notice. SLEEVE BUTTONS for Ladies and Gents: Plain, 40c. Fancy, 50c. per set. THE FRENCH SELF-FASTENING BUTTON COMPANY are sole manufacturers of these goods, under Letters Patent granted to P. W. Gengembre. In ordering, please state the color of garment, and whether thick, medium thickness, or thin; also where you saw the advertisement. Call, or address, W. B. WATKINS, Sole Agent, 616 Broadway, cor. Canal-st., New York. Show this to your friends.

# NEW MUSIC.

"I Loved Him at First Sight," composed and sung by Mrs. John Wood, in the successful play of the "Three Guardsmen." Price 35 cents.

"Three Guardsmen Waltz," by Thomas Baker, price 50 cents. "Wearing of the Green Galop," composed by Thomas Baker, and played nightly with great applause at the Olympic Theatre; price 35 cents. Music sent by mail on the receipt of marked price. WM. A POND & CO., No. 547 Broadway, New York.

THE

# GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

Have selected the following kinds from their Stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

**PRICE LIST.**

YOUNG HYSON, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 ℘ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 ℘ lb.
MIXED, 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 ℘ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 ℘ lb.
OOLONG, 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 ℘ lb.
IMPERIAL and GUNPOWDER, best, $1 25 ℘ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best $1 20 ℘ lb.

All towns, villages, or manufactories where a large number of men are engaged, by clubbing together, can reduce the price of their Teas and Coffees about one third by sending directly to the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
(Post-Office Box 5643.) 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church, New York.

For further particulars, getting up Clubs, &c., see Harper's Weekly, June 23, 1866.

# 100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, PENS, BRACELETS, CASTORS, GOBLETS, SPOONS, FORKS, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.,

# Worth $500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every town and county. J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, N. Y.

# PEACE hath its VICTORIES.

To prevent or conquer disease is a grand achievement; and as surely as bullet and bayonet will destroy, so surely will HOSTETTER'S BITTERS *preserve* and *prolong* life.

This is the most trying period of the year. The stamina of the strongest yields more or less to the consuming temperature of midsummer. Vigor oozes from every pore. The strength of man passes away in invisible vapor, and weaker woman becomes relaxed and nerveless. It was to meet such difficulties that Hostetter's Bitters were given to Society. It is to prevent the evil consequences to which an unbraced, depleted, debilitated organization is liable, that they are recommended as a Summer Tonic for both sexes. Old people die of exhaustion every day, who might have kept death at bay for years to come by an occasional resort to this powerful and harmless vegetable stomachic.

Nine tenths of the community, rich as well as poor, *work* continually. If their hands are unemployed, their brains are busy, and head-work is as depressing to the vital energies as muscular toil. But tone the system with Hostetter's Bitters, and the wear and tear of business life will be comparatively unfelt, even in the most oppressive weather. No languor will be experienced; for, as fast as the vital forces are expended, they will be recruited and renewed by this healthful restorative. As a summer Invigorant it is indispensable to young and old. Sold every where.

CHIT-CHAT, an illustrated semi-monthly paper. Only 25 cents for 3 months. Specimens 10 cts. Address Box 24[illegible], Post-Office, New York.

Saint Cecilia's Day: A Cantata. Translated from the Dutch. The Music by J. B. Von Bree. Cloth, $1 25; Paper, $1 00. Sent postpaid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, 277 Washington St., Boston.

**BUY IT FOR YOUR FAMILY.**

# The Gold Medal Sewing Machine.

# Price only $5 00.

Buy it for your Sister, it will save Labor.

ENTIRELY NEW, USEFUL, STRONG, COMPACT, ELEGANT, PERFECT IN FORM, AND CHEAP. FULLY LICENSED AND PATENTED, WITH LATEST USEFUL IMPROVEMENTS. RELIABLE IN ITS WORK; DOES NOT DROP STITCHES. SEWS FIRM, AND WITH GREAT SWIFTNESS. WILL NOT RAVEL OUT. SEWS THE STITCH THE SAME ON BOTH SIDES. WILL NOT BREAK THREADS. DOES WHAT NO OTHER MACHINE WILL DO, NO MATTER WHAT PRICE. SMART AGENTS CAN MAKE $20 OR $30 PER DAY, $100 PER WEEK, $400 PER MONTH, $5000 PER YEAR. WE ARE NOW READY TO RECEIVE PROPOSALS TO ESTABLISH PERMANENT AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY. SINGLE MACHINES SENT PER EXPRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, $5. ADDRESS GOLD MEDAL SEWING MACHINE CO., S.E. CORNER ANN AND NASSAU STREETS, NEW YORK.

Buy it for your Daughter, a Companion.

**BUY IT FOR YOUR WIFE.**

The Phrenological Journal is devoted to Phrenology, Physiology, Physiognomy, Psychology, Ethnology, and to the Intellectual, Social, Moral, and Spiritual Nature of Man, amply illustrated. Only $2 a year. July No. 20 cents. New Vol. Address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

Do you want luxuriant whiskers or mustaches? We will send free by mail a recipe which will force them to grow on the smoothest face, or hair on bald heads, in six weeks. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau Street, N. Y.

# Mosquito Nets

WITH PATENT PORTABLE FRAMES.
G. L. & J. B. KELTY, 447 Broadway.

# EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Presses, $10, $16, $23, and $30. Price of an office, with Press, $15, $28, $40, $48, and $70. Send for a circular to the LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water Street, Boston.

**$150** A MONTH! New Business for Agents. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine.

**$1500** PER YEAR paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Illinois.


# *The Best and Most Popular Books*

## *RECENTLY PUBLISHED.*

☞ Harper & Brothers will send any of the following Works by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States on receipt of the Price.

*THIRTY YEARS OF ARMY LIFE ON THE BORDER.* Comprising Descriptions of the Indian Nomads of the Plains; Explorations of New Territory; a Trip across the Rocky Mountains in the Winter; Descriptions of the Habits of Different Animals found in the West, and the Methods of Hunting them; with Incidents in the Life of Different Frontier Men, &c. By Colonel R. B. Marcy, U.S.A., Author of "The Prairie Traveller." With numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $3 00.

*GOLDWIN SMITH'S LECTURES.* Lectures on the Study of History, delivered in Oxford, 1859–61. By Goldwin Smith, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. To which is added a Lecture delivered before the New York Historical Society in December, 1864, on the University of Oxford. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

*ARMADALE.* A Novel. By Wilkie Collins, Author of "No Name," "The Woman in White," "The Queen of Hearts," "Antonina," &c. Numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, $1 60; Cloth, $2 00.

*BULWER'S LOST TALES OF MILETUS.* The Lost Tales of Miletus. By the Right Hon. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.P. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

*SANS MERCI; or, Kestrels and Falcons.* A Novel. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone," "Sword and Gown," "Maurice Dering," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

*THE TOILERS OF THE SEA.* A Novel. By Victor Hugo, Author of "Les Miserables." 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

*HAND AND GLOVE.* A Novel. By Amelia B. Edwards, Author of "Barbara's History," "Half a Million of Money," "My Brother's Wife," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

*CARLYLE'S FREDERICK THE GREAT.* History of Friedrich II., called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle, Author of a "History of the French Revolution," "Oliver Cromwell," &c. With Portraits and Maps. Complete in Six Volumes. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00 per Volume.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.


For persons seeking business. A book giving capital required in over 1000 kinds of business in New York, number of firms engaged in same, failures in each the past year, salaries and wages paid clerks, mechanics, &c., cost of living, and other matters of interest—obtained by canvassing the city, and verified by affidavit of canvasser. Sent postage paid for $1.

G. H. SNYDER & Co., 151 Broadway, New York.

# SMOKERS, REJOICE.

A pleasing discovery. Smoking made inoffensive to the most fastidious. Smoke and save money, health, and pure breath, by our method. Information sent to any address on the reception of Two Dollars and 2 red stamps for return postage. Address J. Been & Co., Gorham, Me.

**WANTED!**

**$200** PER MONTH paid to Agents to introduce our new $15, $18, and $20 Sewing Machines, Ketchum's Patent. Address, with stamp,
MONADNOCK SEWING MACHINE CO., Winchendon, Mass.

"**The Mammoth Informer**" given away to every body. Send stamp for it. Courtship made easy, 15 cents. Bridal etiquette, 15 cents. Laws of love, 30 cents.
W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

# GOLD PENS.

If you want a GOLD PEN, send to E. S. JOHNSON & CO., 44 Nassau St., N. Y., and by return mail receive circular showing styles and prices. Repairing done at 50c. ea.

**DR GLOVER'S NEW CHAMPION LEVER TRUSS**

Elastic Stockings, Shoulder-Braces, Belts, Bandages, &c., in great variety. Dr. Glover, 11 Ann St., New York.

**GREAT BANKRUPT SALE OF WATCHES.**

To be disposed of for $5 each. Warranted pure Solid Silver Cases. In good running order. Address
SMITH & CO., No. 1 Harvard Street, Boston.

Agents wanted to sell the only good $25 Sewing Machine in the country. Every machine warranted as represented. Machines furnished with tables. We have also a patent treadle that can be attached to any ordinary table for operating any cheap machine in use. Send for circular to Sibley & Stoops, No. 643 Broadway, New York.


# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JULY, 1866.

Contents:


PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR—(*Second Paper.*)
Illustrations.—Ruin of old Church near Charlestown.—A Patent of Nobility.—A Candidate for the Peerage.—The Havelock.—Ruins of Railroad Bridge, Harper's Ferry.—Ruins of the Viaduct, Martinsburg.—A Confederate Volunteer.—The innate Idea.—The Little Cottager.—Not at Home.
MIDSUMMER.
SOME CURIOUS HOMES.
Illustrations.—Mouse-Nest in a Bottle.—Harvest Mouse.—Dormouse and Nest.—Nests of Apoica.—Nest of Icarias.—Hive of the Bee.—Nest of the Hornet.—Nest of the Mud Wasp.—Nest of the Pasteboard Wasp.—Nests of Polistes.
A LOOK AT LISBON.
Illustrations.—Tower of Belem.—Castle of Penha.—Church of Loretto.—Rua Augusta.—Praca do Rocio and D. Maria Theatre.—The Palace of Ajuda.—The Great Arch of the Aqueduct.
HIGH DAYS IN A VIRGINIAN VILLAGE.
ARMADALE. By Wilkie Collins. (*Concluded.*)
Book the Last.
Chapter II. In the House.
Chapter III. The Purple Flask.
Epilogue.
Chapter I. News from Norfolk.
Chapter II. Midwinter.
GETTYSBURG: JULY, 1863.
FRANCIS ASBURY.
With a Portrait.
THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.
THE FOOL CATCHER.
SANCTUARY PRIVILEGES IN ROME.
UNDER THE ARCHES.
MR. MUDDLAR'S MISTAKE.
A STUDY OF LEGS.
THE FOOD OF BIRDS.
EDUCATION OF THE COLORED POPULATION OF LOUISIANA.
AN HOUR AT SEA.
FORTY-TWO.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.


**TERMS.**

One Copy for one Year . . . . . . . . $4 00

*An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of* Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly, together, one year, $8 00.

**Circulation 112,000.**

The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

| | |
|---|---|
| One Page | $250 00 |
| Half Page | 125 00 |
| Quarter Page | 70 00 |

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average eight words to a line.

Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

**Circulation nearly 100,000.**

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

**TERMS.**

One Copy for One Year . . . . . . . $4 00
One Copy for Three Months . . . . . 1 00

*And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of* Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

The Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

| | |
|---|---|
| Cloth Binding | $7 00 per Volume. |
| Half Morocco | 10 00 " |

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

Terms to Advertisers.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

Harper & Brothers, Publishers.